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Whither Britain?—XII

By the Rt. Hon. WALTER ELLIOT, M.P.

The last of the 'Whither Britain?' series, broadcast on March 27 by the Minister of Agriculture

THE Greeks said that no State should consist of a larger number of persons than could be addressed by the voice of one person. For two-and-a-half thousand years that ideal seemed to be impossible, or, at all events, to confine the ideal State to a group so small that it would be utterly incapable of overcoming the problems even of the ancient world, let alone those of today. Now suddenly with a bound this thing has become possible, and the long argument of this series of talks, which has now lasted from January to March, is one of its examples. Yet in listening to these talks one is acutely conscious that only half the problem has been solved. The purpose of a ruler meeting the citizens was not merely that the ruler could address the citizens, but that the citizens could address the ruler. The privilege of interruption is, in fact, one of the bulwarks of criticism, and the fact that all of the eleven speakers have been allowed to have their talks out to the end, is not perhaps as good a thing as one would have imagined.

For one thing, it leaves so much criticism to be done at the end of the argument. From a purely personal point of view I should dearly wish to spend twenty minutes in calling in question a great deal of what has already been said. I should have liked, for instance, to say that Ernest Bevin, a typical Trade Union leader and, I believe, a highly enlightened one, is talking sense when he says sentimentally that things ought to be better than they are, but is talking ordinary bunk when he spends the first half of his address attacking economic nationalism, and winds up by saying—'Why should we go to the ends of the

earth for the power to drive our industry by oil when we could develop a great national gas grid?' To substitute home-produced gas for foreign-produced oil may or may not be good business; but it is, of course, exactly that process of economic nationalism of which he complains. I should have liked to say that though Mr. Bernard Shaw's reasoning is brilliant, his address would carry more weight if he had not based some of it upon statements which he made up out of his own head, which in fact are not so. Such, for instance, were his assertions that 'England had not only borrowed largely [from America] herself but guaranteed the borrowings of several of the others'. His friend, Mr. J. M. Keynes, would have exposed that in thirty seconds if Mr. Shaw had troubled to ring him up on the telephone. On his other statement, that 'England went off the Gold Standard when the Government had just won an election by an impassioned appeal to the voters to save the country from utter dishonour and bankruptcy by saving the Gold Standard at all costs', I, or, indeed, almost anyone else, could have told him the facts if he had bothered to ask. The facts, of course, are completely different. We went off the Gold Standard actually about a month before the General Election instead of after.

Furthermore, I should have felt happier when Mr. Michael Roberts was speaking if I could have interrupted when he was denouncing the wars in which he did not want to fight, by asking him about the wars which he does want to fight, namely, the wars in favour of collective security waged by the International Police Force which he is so anxious to establish, officially or unofficially. Many of us listen with a good deal of suspicion to Mr.

Roberts and his friends when they talk about vigorous action by an International Police Force. We know that in practice it means that we have to go and do the fighting in the Police Force while Mr. Roberts and his friends go round the country while the policing is on, explaining that this is not at all what they meant, and run us down as fire-eating police-forcers after it stops. Robert Bernays put the matter pretty straight across the floor of the House a few days ago. Use of force is the use of force and entails the consequence of the use of force; and if Mr. Roberts' friends are going to stand for the use of force under any circumstances (and the use of force is the whole of their argument), they will need to drop half the flappedoodle with which they have been deluding themselves and their listeners for the last five years.

But that is not the line on which this debate must go. You do not want to hear about the people with whom I disagree, you want to hear about the people with whom I agree: still more do you want to hear about the things on which I should like you to agree with me. First, then, as to the people with whom I agree. I agree, I think, with Professor Patrick Blackett most of all, and next with Israel Sieff. Professor Patrick Blackett discussed the Scientist and Society, though he came down against our whole present system; and Sieff, the big retail organiser, came down, on the whole, in favour of it, but with a good deal more organisation than we have today. It is not so much that I agree with their conclusions. My conclusions are in many respects at vehement odds with theirs. But I agree with their approach to the problem, with their attitude of mind. I could explain, I think, what I mean to them and they could explain what they mean to me. If, therefore, I am to speak on 'Whither Britain?' with the true force of argument, a man brought to plead before his equals, his peers, I must call up a mental picture of these two men and seat them beside me, preferably late at night before the sitting-room fire in some small house, or in an office or a laboratory where the workers have got together around a glowing gas-stove after some big piece of work has been put in hand—when the final drafts have gone to the typists, or some long process in an experiment has started—something set afoot which requires one's presence but only very rarely one's attention. Then let the blue-grey of tobacco smoke mount in zigzags to the ceiling, and let us take the shutters down from our minds and say what we think.

I should say, 'Look here, Blackett; look here, Sieff, I have blown off steam a bit about Roberts and his friends and about Bernard Shaw and Ernest Bevin, because I have so often been lectured by them and so seldom had a chance of lecturing back. But let's wash all that out. I am willing to leave H. G. Wells in the nineteenth-century limbo to which he consigned himself in his opening remarks. I am even willing, if you like, to leave Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill to fight it out between them, though each of them has contributed more, I think, than any of the others I have mentioned. I cannot argue with the Dean of Exeter or with Lady Rhondda, for they are talking about their faith, and you do not argue with a believer or with an avalanche. I want to talk to you two, and to any of the others who happen to be listening'.

We Are in the Middle of a Revolution

I start from this. Of course there is a revolution at work in our world. There is a revolution and we are in it. What is more, there is a revolution and we are doing it. Our job in Britain is to do the revolution and do it better than anyone else. I take my first stand upon the necessity of believing in the decency and kindness of the others who are in the turmoil along with me, whether they are working for me or against. I make this demand specially of the Radicals, the men and indeed the women of the political Left. As the Scripture says—if I do not love my brother whom I have seen, how shall I love God Whom I have not seen? Secondly, I say that we do not yet under-

stand what is happening, and that to understand we must keep our heads cool. For this we must ensure a reasonable level of subsistence for all our citizens, and a reasonable level of security for all our citizens, and I am willing to co-operate with every man in securing that. Thirdly, you ask me where we are to go ahead to, from that. I say without hesitation, to the New State.

What Will the New State be Like?

You ask me how the New State will look. I say it will be a State in which the people as a whole will have a great deal more spare time on their hands than they have today. I hope those whose time is all spare time at present, the unemployed, will have less. But the machine State, the scientific State, will continue to produce unemployed. If we leave them out in the cold their numbers, willy-nilly, will continue to rise. If we absorb them into the body politic, production will no longer be a full-time job for every adult citizen as it was in Great Britain in the nineteenth century. Our main task, both economic and psychological, will be in these colossal adjustments.

Lastly, I would say that the stresses and strains of the new era are so terrific that an attempt to solve our problems within smaller areas of the world is more likely to succeed than within larger. If you say that this is economic nationalism, I reply that economic nationalism is denounced by many people who have not really applied their minds to the problems involved, and who speak of economic nationalism as though it were a disease instead of being, as it certainly is, a symptom of the coming of the Leisure State. And when you, Patrick Blackett, say, for instance, that 'a planned capitalism as a cure for the world crisis is so essentially contradictory that it will prove impossible as a lasting solution', I should wholly agree with you if you are referring to the smash-and-grab capitalism of the nineteenth century. But the State before us, the Britain before us, is not the capitalist England or Scotland of the nineteenth century, any more than it is the feudal England or Scotland of the thirteenth. Of course a planned nineteenth century would have been a contradiction in terms. But to say that a planned twentieth century is impossible with nineteenth-century economics or nineteenth-century political parties is not a contradiction in terms at all. It is merely stating what is so.

Now before we can make much progress with the New State we have to resolve the clash between liberty and security at home, just as we have to resolve the clash between peace and justice abroad. I think everyone would agree that liberty and security are not similar, they are dissimilar, contrasting and even conflicting ideals. It may take a little more thought to agree that justice and peace are dissimilar ideals, and even at bottom conflicting ideals—yet it is so. If you ask me where I stand, I say I stand for organisation at home, which is to say that I am willing to give up a certain amount of liberty for a reasonable amount of security; and I stand for collective action abroad, which is to say that I am willing to give up a certain amount of peace for a reasonable amount of justice.

I would discuss the first proposition tonight, since, as Minister of Agriculture, I am certainly more concerned with home affairs than with foreign. Agriculture, which is still the greatest industry in our land, and, of course, infinitely the most vital, had a surfeit of liberty till it sickened and nearly died of it. Any man was free to grow anything he liked here under any conditions, and any man was free to grow anything he liked anywhere abroad and send it here equally without any conditions. Under these conditions agriculture was not prospering in Great Britain—it was decaying. It was running down. It was about to come to a dead stop. That was, in the nature of things, bound to be so. The average man here, producing the average crop, could not compete, and cannot compete, and will never be able to compete, with the

(Continued on page 547)

Inquiry into the Unknown—XI

Philosophy and Psychical Research

By Professor C. D. BROAD

The Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge University sums up this series, which has attempted to show how scientific methods and knowledge are beginning to be applied to the investigation of supernormal happenings today

AS one of the very few professional philosophers interested in psychical research, I have been asked to tell you how the evidence for the alleged facts which the previous speakers in this series have brought to your notice impresses me as a philosopher. And I am to say what bearing I think these alleged facts have on the questions which philosophers discuss.

Indifference to Psychical Research

The first thing that strikes me is the extraordinary indifference of nearly all professional philosophers to the subject of psychical research. I will give some examples. The nature of time is a topic of great philosophical importance. It is constantly discussed, and yet the philosophers who are most interested in it completely ignore the alleged fact of pre-cognition. Again, many philosophers write eloquently and learnedly about immortality, but hardly any of them pay the least attention to the alleged communications from the dead through mediums. The question of the possible range and the inevitable limitations of human knowledge is one which has been treated by nearly all philosophers, yet the alleged evidence for telepathy and clairvoyance is never mentioned in these discussions. Lastly, the relation between mind and body is a standard subject of philosophical inquiry, yet it is treated without any reference to the alleged facts of fire-walking, levitation, movement of objects without contact, and materialisation.

Now this indifference on the part of philosophers is quite inexcusable. Natural scientists have their own special subjects of research, which are enough to occupy a lifetime; and they are not to be blamed if they confine themselves to these, provided that they do not dogmatise about what they have never investigated. But no such excuse is open to philosophers. It is plain from my examples that the alleged facts which they ignore are highly relevant to the very problems which it is their main business to discuss. Quite apart from this, it is the business of a philosopher to make a resolute attempt to see the world steadily and to see it whole. He has not the right, which other scientists have, to ignore certain aspects of it as irrelevant to his particular purpose. You might, perhaps, think that philosophers ignore the whole subject of psychical research in their writings because they have carefully investigated the alleged facts and have unanimously agreed that there is nothing in them but fraud and delusion. If this were so, it would undoubtedly be significant and important. But I can assure you that it is not so. Most philosophers have never taken the trouble even to read the best of the relevant literature, much less to do any investigation for themselves. Having passed this sweeping condemnation, I must in fairness mention four very honourable exceptions. Henry Sidgwick in England and William James in America were philosophers of the first rank, and they were the initiators of serious study of psychical research. Their good example has been followed by Professor Bergson in France and Professor Driesch in Germany, who are happily still with us.

Three Lines of Inquiry

There are always three questions to be asked, which must be most carefully distinguished. First, did such and such a reported event really happen, and is the description of it which the witnesses gave completely accurate? Second, if so, can it be accounted for in terms of the

already known laws and properties of matter and of mind? Third, if it really did happen as reported, and if it cannot be accounted for in this way, can we suggest a plausible super-normal explanation of it, and can we test our suggestion by further observations or experiments?

Now you might think that the first question, at least, ought to be quite easy to answer with complete certainty in many cases. Unfortunately, this is not so, for several reasons which I will now explain to you.

Although apparently super-normal events have been reported in all ages and nations, they have never been common, and they are perhaps least common among civilised people in contemporary Europe and America. They happen frequently only in connection with a few abnormal people. When they happen in connection with normal people they do so only occasionally and under very special conditions. We may compare such events to total eclipses of the sun or to very rare diseases which few doctors ever get the chance of observing. Such events cannot be produced or reproduced to order. They are very liable to happen when no competent observers are at hand and to fail to happen when such observers are present. There is therefore very little chance of comparing the reports of a large number of different observers of very similar events of this kind, and thus getting rid of errors due to personal bias and misconception.

Human Testimony is Unreliable

Human testimony is extremely unreliable. We are very apt to overlook details which are happening under our noses, and to think that we have *perceived* events which we have merely *inferred* and which never happened. All successful conjuring depends on this fact. Careful experiments done by the Society for Psychical Research have shown that intelligent people, who know that they are watching a trick and are trying to find out how it is done, will nevertheless misreport what has actually happened to an extent which is almost incredible. Any lapse of time between the event reported and the making of the report introduces further possibilities of error due to lapses of memory.

In the case of physical phenomena, such as materialisation, movement of objects without contact, etc., mediums lay down certain conditions which they assert to be essential to the production of the phenomena. Darkness or a very dim red light is demanded; there must be a circle of sympathetic sitters to give 'power'; the sitters must sing or talk continuously to produce the right 'vibrations'; and the materialisations must not be touched on pain of doing serious injury to the medium. Now we cannot say off-hand that these conditions are not necessary, and it is certain that we get no physical phenomena to observe unless they are fulfilled. But it is obvious that every one of these conditions is highly favourable to fraud and highly unfavourable to accurate observation. Very few mediums who claim to produce physical phenomena will consent to be investigated under test conditions. Those who do will often demand that a certain friend or relative or protector shall be present at all the sittings, so that the investigators are faced with the delicate problem of controlling the friend as well as the medium. Even under these circumstances many mediums have been detected in fraud; and, when this has not happened, it is commonly noticed that the phenomena become less and less impressive as the conditions are tightened up, and

that they fade away altogether just as the conditions become fraud-proof.

This brings us to our second question: Granted that the events really did happen as reported, can they be explained in terms of the already known laws and properties of matter and mind? Deliberate fraud is, of course, the most obvious explanation of this kind. Speaking from a fairly extensive and intensive study of the subject, I can say without hesitation that it is quite impossible to explain the best reported cases of telepathy, clairvoyance, pre-cognition, and mediumistic communication in this way. As regards the reported cases of physical phenomena, such as materialisation, levitation, etc., I am much more doubtful. There is no doubt that the vast majority of the reported cases are the product of deliberate fraud; and the conditions under which such phenomena occur make it generally reasonable to suspect fraud even where it cannot be proved. Yet there is a residuum of cases in which the experiments have been conducted under extremely rigid conditions, by people who were well aware of the pitfalls, and the results have been recorded mechanically by photography or some other device. I might mention as instances the investigation of the materialising medium, Eva C., described in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research for 1922; and the investigation of Rudi Schneider, who claims to move objects without contact, by Mr. Harry Price, described in his book *Rudi Schneider* (1930). It is fair to remark, however, in illustration of the maddening complexity of the subject, that there is very strong reason to believe that Eva C. practised deliberate and long continued fraud at an earlier stage of her career; and that in Mr. Price's later investigations of Rudi Schneider, an incident is reported which casts doubt on the adequacy of the control if not on the honesty of the medium.

Infra-Red Photography May Help Investigation

The lesson of all this is the extreme importance of eliminating the human factor as much as possible in all investigation of physical phenomena. We must aim at getting a continuous photographic record of everything that is done by everyone present throughout the whole period of a sitting. The development of infra-red photography will eventually make this possible; and the co-operation of skilled experimental physicists would be of immense value to psychical research in devising methods of continuous non-human control and record, which will work in the dark or in a dim red light. As at present advised, I am inclined to think it rather more likely than not that there is a residuum of physical phenomena which are not produced by fraud and are not capable of being explained in terms of the already known laws and properties of mind and matter.

We come now to our third question: Granted that supernatural mental phenomena, such as telepathy and pre-cognition, *certainly* exist, and that super-normal physical phenomena, such as levitation, *probably* exist, can we suggest any plausible explanation of them? (1) The facts are extremely various. There is almost nothing in common between pre-cognition and levitation except that both are exceedingly odd and neither is at present explicable. It is therefore most unreasonable to expect that any *one* hypothesis will explain all the facts. The phenomena need to be classified, and different hypotheses put forward to explain different classes of fact. (2) Any hypothesis which suggests further lines of enquiry, by the results of which it might be supported or refuted, is worth consideration; and no hypothesis which does not do this is of the least value. Merely to refer all the phenomena to the activities of 'spirits', human or non-human, seems to me to be a typical example of a perfectly useless type of explanation.

To account for pre-cognition we shall probably have to revise pretty completely the traditional commonsense view of time. This need not surprise us, since the recent developments of physics have shown that the commonsense view of time and space is quite inadequate even for the purposes of orthodox natural science. To deal with telepathy we shall probably have to suppose that the deeper unconscious layers of different minds interpenetrate and affect each other directly, though the more superficial conscious layers are isolated and cannot directly affect each other. Most of the mediumistic communications which purport to come from dead people can be explained quite plausibly by telepathy from the minds of people still alive. But this theory has to be stretched almost to the

breaking point to account for some of these communications. There is, undoubtedly, a small class of mediumistic communications which are most simply and naturally explained by the hypothesis that they are what they claim to be—that is, messages deliberately sent by people who have died and are still conscious and active. Of course, the explanation which is most simple and natural may not be the true one. As regards the physical phenomena, it seems to me that they are not as yet well enough established to make it worth while to suggest explanations of them.

Scientific Laws Need to be Supplemented

In conclusion, I will say why I think that these phenomena are of immense interest and importance. It is not because of anything *intrinsically* great or elevating in them. The physical phenomena are, for the most part, far less spectacular than those which scientists daily witness in their laboratories; and most of the mediumistic communications consist of trivial personal details or second-rate ethico-religious twaddle. Their importance is that they fall outside the well-known and well-established laws and principles of physics and psychology. They thus show that these laws and principles need at least to be supplemented, and perhaps to be radically transformed. We have seen in our own lifetime how a few intrinsically trivial exceptions can lead to the complete transformation of the whole theoretical basis of physics. For the facts which led Einstein to transform the whole theory of gravitation were certain small anomalies in the motion of the planet Mercury, and a certain small bending of light-rays which can be observed only during a total eclipse of the sun and only with the most delicate instruments. The odd, exceptional, inexplicable facts, however trivial in themselves, are always the points from which the next great and fundamental advance in human knowledge may be made. It is for this reason that I, as a philosopher, attach so much importance to psychical research, and deplore the indifference of my colleagues to the subject.

A Time to Dance

For those who had the power
of the forest fires that burn
Leaving their source in ashes
to flush the sky with fire:
Those whom a famous urn
could not contain, whose passion
Brimmed over the deep grave
and dazzled epitaphs;
For all that have earned us wings
to clear the tops of grief
My friend who within me laughs
bids you dance and sing.

Some set out to explore
earth's limit, and little they recked if
Never their feet came near it,
outgrowing the need for glory:
Some aimed at a small objective
but the fierce updraught of their spirit
Forced them to the stars.
Are honoured in public, who built
The dam that tamed a river;
or holding the salient for hours
Against odds, cut off and killed,
are remembered by one survivor.

All these: but most for those
whom accident made great,
As a radiant chance encounter
of cloud and sunlight grows
Immortal on the heart:
whose gift was the sudden bounty
Of a passing moment, enriches
the fulfilled eye for ever.
Their spirits float serene
above time's roughest reaches,
But their seed is in us, and over
our lives they are evergreen.

C. DAY LEWIS



Fragments of the Unknown—a medley of photographs of seances, spirit-writing, ectoplasm, telekinesis, and other psychic phenomena
Material by courtesy of the National Laboratory of Psychological Research



Some examples of new architecture on the Continent—Kindergarten attached to a block of workers' flats in Lichtenberg, Berlin

Photographs: P. Morton Shand

Round Europe—II

Housing Schemes Abroad

By CICELY HAMILTON

WHEN one comes to think of it, more house building must have been done in the last few years than at any other period of the world's history. It is true there is need of a great deal more and that in most countries of Europe—probably in all—there is still the ugly problem of the slum; but all the same, in the present generation, the builder and the architect have been busy as never before, and many of the larger cities of Europe have grown at a mushroom rate.

There are several reasons why this rapid building has been necessary. One, of course, was the destruction of housing wrought by the War. If you travel in France, in the region once known as the war-zone, you will see everywhere brand new villages, as new as anything America can show you, composed of little standardised houses. Not, I am afraid, very beautiful to look at; for the most part rather like red brick boxes, with no particular character or relation to the landscape; but in all probability more convenient and sanitary than the cottages that crumbled under shell-fire. Six hundred thousand dwellings were destroyed in Northern France in the course of the War—without counting churches and factories and schools and bridges. Six hundred thousand new dwellings—that gives you some idea of the amount of rebuilding that has been required in one district of Europe. In the city of Rheims alone, out of a total of thirteen thousand houses, eight thousand were battered into ruins. Nor was France the only country to suffer in this respect; on the Eastern Front of the War destruction was as thorough and extensive. In Poland, which was fought over for something like six years, the number of ruined dwellings was estimated at one million eight hundred thousand. Poland, however, in her rural districts, had this advantage over other devastated regions; her peasants, in that land of abundant timber and peasant crafts, can often do the actual building of their wooden houses with their own hands—though where such 'unprofessional' building is done, official help is available in the way of plan and supervision.

Then it is hardly necessary to remind you that, in addition

to its actual destruction of houses, the War prevented them from being built—not only in the war-zone, but practically all over Europe. So that when at last it came to an end, there was an actual famine in house accommodation and long arrears of building to make up. Sometimes the famine has been made more acute by the shifting of population which has taken place on a very large scale since the War. Cities always have a tendency to attract the countryman, and of late years the attraction has been stronger than ever. In France, for instance, the 'flight from the land' is one of the worries of the modern politician; the race of peasant-farmers is dwindling in numbers because the younger generation prefers work in the factory to work in the fields. In many parts of France there is no lack of housing available in the villages; when I was travelling about the country a year or two ago I saw plenty of rural cottages standing empty—nobody wanting them, they were quietly and steadily falling to decay, while weeds overran their fields and gardens. As an extreme instance of what the 'flight from the land' means: a couple of summers ago, on a roadside in Burgundy, there was a notice stating that a whole village was for sale with vacant possession. Lock, stock and barrel; field, house and garden—there it was, unwanted and unoccupied. The price asked for the village—land and houses and all—was something over two hundred English pounds; about two hundred and twenty. And it is more than possible that if you had bargained with the vendors, they would have sold you their derelict property for a good deal less. And that Burgundian village is by no means an isolated phenomenon; the same thing is happening in many other parts of France. The decay of the village, however, means the growth of the town; while cottages have been emptying in the French country districts, Paris has been thrusting out suburbs on all sides, to house her new population, while the same growth, if not quite so marked, has been taking place in most of the important German cities; and when I was in Russia, a few months ago, I was told that Moscow since the Revolution has actually doubled in size—chiefly, of course, by migration from other parts of Russia. Wherever there is such migration,

there must, of course, be housing difficulties, at any rate for a time.

So far as my experience goes, the race that has tackled its housing problems in the handsomest manner is the German. And when I say handsomest, I use the word literally. The new

an entire new dormitory suburb. It was not so striking in appearance as the German suburbs I had been seeing not long before; but when one came to look over it there was plenty to admire—garden-space and outlook and playgrounds for children, as well as convenient arrangement indoors. I think it was in these Suresnes flats that there was an excellent arrangement for enabling the housewife to supervise her children at the same time as she cooked the dinner. It was a gap in the wall—a sort of inside window—between the little kitchen and the adjoining room, so that mother at the stove could keep an eye upon her youngsters without having them crawling round her feet and interfering with her cooking operations. What interested me most, however—partly no doubt because it was new to me—was a scheme characteristically French in its careful good sense; a scheme for ensuring that this nice new property should not be damaged by bad tenants. If such tenants come along—and as slums are pulled down they very well may—the kind of people whose dirty habits make them a nuisance to their neighbours will be placed for a time in a separate block. There they will go through a species of probation; a training in neighbourly habits of cleanliness, and respect for municipal property.

There is a very large colony of subsidised houses at Clermont-Ferrand in central France; but here the subsidy has come out of the pockets of private enterprise. These Clermont-Ferrand houses have been built from the profits of a factory, and are inhabited by its employees, at rents that seem incredibly small. Those houses I went into were roomy and sensibly arranged; also they were provided with a good piece of ground where the tenant, if so minded, could grow vegetables and keep fowls. As regards outward appearance, these houses are not



Typical semi-working-class villa of the Parisian suburbs

blocks of flats—settlements, they call them—that I have seen on the outskirts of Berlin, Magdeburg, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, and so on, seem to me far better-looking than anything in the same line built by architects of other nationalities. Of course that is largely a matter of taste; but I like their plain wall surfaces and the light bright colours they so often paint them. They are sometimes pink, they are sometimes blue, they are

white, they are mauve, they are yellow. I have even seen them variegated, with blue and white stripes—which may not sound attractive but really looked pleasantly gay. And then there are the balconies, of that modern type which is like a windowless room. The German of today believes in sun and fresh air and wherever possible his house or flat must be provided with a place where he can sit and sun himself—if not a roof-garden, then a balcony, and his balconies are often very charming by reason of their flowers—the German is a great window-gardener. By the way, many German dwellings contain a form of bath which, for some reason or other, has never been really popular in England; I mean the shower-bath. It is a pity we don't make more use of it, because it is so convenient architecturally. It would be possible to instal a shower-bath in a small-sized habitation where there isn't enough space for a bathroom. It would seem to be impossible nowadays

to build tenement houses that will be up to modern requirements, in the way of health and comfort, and yet pay an economic rent; these handsome German 'settlements' are the equivalent of our 'subsidy' houses, and some of them I believe have entailed very heavy expenditure on public authorities. When I was last in Paris, I paid a visit to the outlying district of Suresnes where the authorities of the City of Paris and the Department of the Seine have between them paid for the building of



Decorative exterior of flats in the Rue Perchamps, Paris

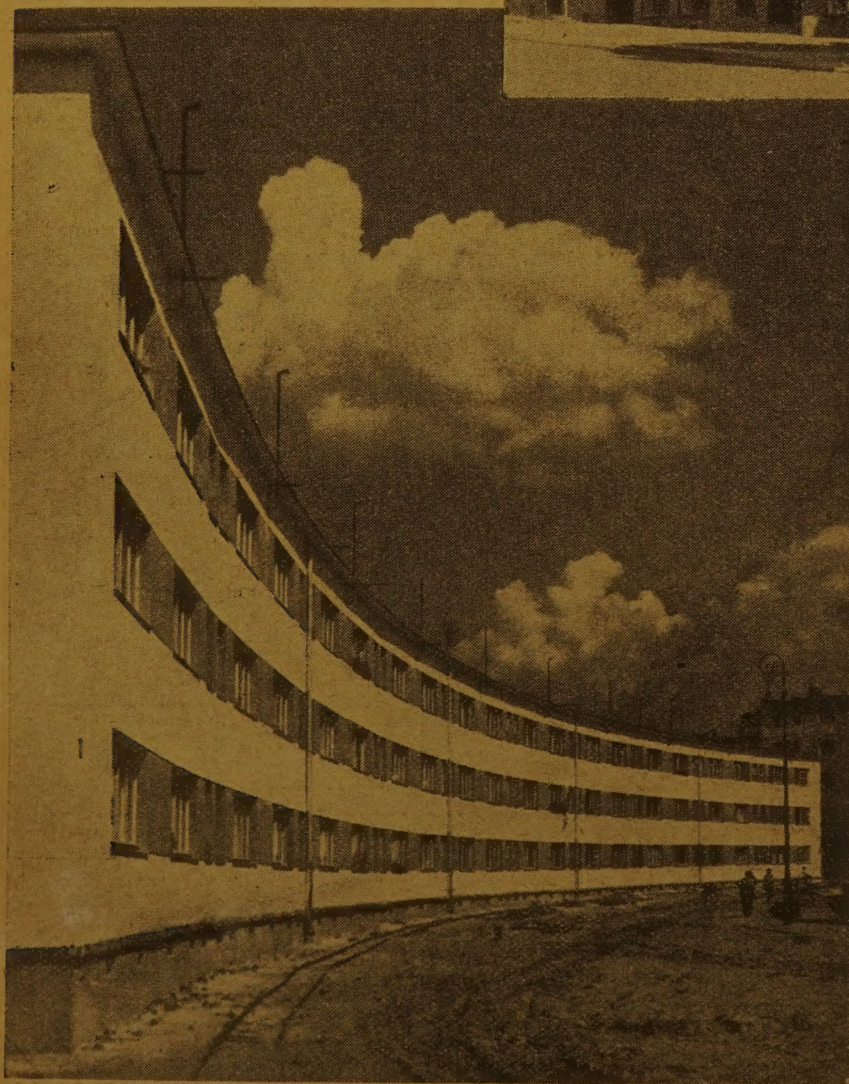
much to look at, but that, I was told, is by design and not by accident. When the factory owner built his garden suburb, he decided to spend his money on giving his tenants what they liked and wanted; and his theory was that if they had comfort indoors and a bit of garden-ground, they did not worry about architectural beauty. I am not saying he was right, I am not saying he was wrong; but that was what he thought, and accordingly he wasted no money on appearances; he is said to

have told his architects to remember that houses are built for the pleasure of those who live in them, not for the pleasure of those who are just passing by. And if the resulting buildings are not beautiful, there is nothing pretentious about them.

To turn to Russian housing. When I was in Moscow I was escorted to one of the new tenement buildings which stands, I believe, on the site of some old rookeries. I was shown the interior of two of the flats; one of them had four rooms and a passage and was evidently considered one of the prizes of the building, because it was occupied by a person of importance—a shock-brigade and his family. The other was much less spacious—it consisted only of two small rooms, each of them containing a bed; one room being occupied by an elderly couple, the other by their son and his wife. This, however, was not quite such close quarters as it sounds because there was both a restaurant and a clubroom in the building. I never could make out what people paid for their flats and rooms in Russia, because you pay by floor-space. I suppose this is because rooms are so often divided up and leased out to more than one tenant. When I asked the official who showed me round what the shock-brigade family gave for their flat, I was told they had to pay certain charges for heating and lighting, and then a rent of one rouble twenty kopecks per square metre, per month. This left me absolutely vague as to the total, and I don't



Block of working-class flats in Hanover



Poland's method of compensating for war destruction—modern tenements in Warsaw

Photographs: P. Morton Shand

see how it is to be ascertained, unless you go over the floor with a foot-rule and do lots of complicated sums.

Another capital city that has greatly increased its population since the War is Rome; where also new districts have been run up in order to accommodate the increase. And the need for new houses has been all the greater because there has been so much shifting of population in the city itself; as is well known, Mussolini, during the last few years, has pushed through an ambitious scheme of excavation which has brought to light many regions of old Rome. But in order to bring them to light, he has had to clear away the more modern buildings under which they had been buried; and many of those buildings were dwelling-houses from which the inhabitants had to be evicted—which meant finding room for them elsewhere.

As is also well known, it is the settled policy of the Fascist government to encourage the numerous family; so when there is competition for subsidised flats, the rule is that preference shall be given to those good citizens who have presented the State with several little Italians. Applicants must have been domiciled for at least five years in Rome. The reason for this proviso is that the flats, being new and cheap and comfortable, are much run after; and if it were not for the five years' residence condition, the report of an attractive housing scheme might bring numbers of flat-seeking immigrants to the capital—to swell a population which is quite large enough and still requires houseroom for itself.

Economics in a Changing World

The State and the Economic System

By Commander STEPHEN KING-HALL

I AM, in these talks, an economic commentator, not unlike the people who comment for your benefit on the Boat Race or the Grand National. In fact, I am watching, on your behalf, a Grand National in the sphere of economics. Not a week passes without producing a spate of evidence concerning the behaviour of the various national horses as they travel down the course of international economics. Some of the national horses have dictators in the saddle, but the available statistical evidence gives no grounds for supposing that the horses spurred on by dictators are getting over the water-jumps in any better style than those old-fashioned animals who are running under democratic colours. Such figures for unemployment, wages, cost of living, scales of pay for persons out of work, etc., as are published in the International Labour Organisation returns covering Italy and Germany, do not suggest that regulation of industry has created economic conditions superior to those in Great Britain and France.

The problem which these organisations such as the Syndicates in Italy and the new German national business front are attempting to solve, is one which confronts every nation at the present time. In simplest form the problem is as follows: 'If for political reasons the free workings of the economic system are not to be permitted, then something must be substituted for the old-time automatic control of economic activity'. In a free economic system the profit-making urge was the main motive power and the price system was the indicator which told producers how much to produce and what to produce, because, by the price he would pay, the consumer indicated his wishes. Such a system was continually changing and adjusting itself in accordance with the progress of invention, the opening up of new markets, the changes in the taste of consumers. Old industries died off and were replaced by new industries; labour migrated; capital moved about the world in search of the most productive employment—that is, a place where in the judgment of the owner of the capital, there was to be found the best combination of security and good interest rates. I hope you have a picture in your mind of this chameleon-like free economic system which perhaps can be compared to what the meteorological people call a weather system; a complex of differences of temperature and barometric pressure, and according to the manner in which those temperatures and pressures react on each other, so one has a north wind, an east wind or a south-west gale or a flat calm, sunshine or storm. It was even so with the free type of economic system; it changed in obedience to unpredictable forces and sometimes there was the sunshine of a boom and at others the stormy weather of a slump. The general idea nowadays is that it is undesirable to allow the economic system to be as fickle as the weather and that the thing should be controlled. If I have overstated the case in saying that there is a general idea to this effect, then I will cover myself by saying that, whether or not they realise it, men have been behaving in such a manner as to make it impossible for the free system to work. They have thrown a number of twelve-inch spanners into the works. If, then, you decide to cramp and confine the economic system in a political straitjacket, who is to control its activities? If you say that you will not allow the chance coincidence of certain temperatures and atmospheric pressures to produce a deep depression in the Atlantic and hence rain in England, who is to decide when and where there shall be rain?

The German Trade Experiment

The only answer seems to be that the state must try and do the controlling and take the place of that instinctive control which was automatic in the free system. It must be the state, because what other organisation can represent the whole community? But, here comes the dilemma. The automatic self-adjusting part of the economic system has been largely destroyed, but its motive power remains, to a large extent, the urge of profit-making. It is argued that profit-making is a necessary incentive and that without competition there will be inefficiency. But these factors presuppose private enterprise being left more or less free. Listen to the words of Dr. Schmitt, the German Minister for Economic Affairs, in announcing that the German economic front has been divided into twelve groups:

'Formerly every enterprise could do business as it liked. There was no means of compelling a business undertaking to join trade organisations or to carry out their decisions'.

But before I continue his remarks perhaps I had better outline the new German organisation. Membership of the twelve groups is compulsory. The groups are: (1) coal, iron and steel, (2) machinery and electrical engineering, (3) iron and metal goods, (4) stone, bricks, earth, wood and building, (5) chemicals, oil and paper, (6) leather, textiles and clothing, (7) foodstuffs, (8) handicrafts, (9) trade, (10) banking, (11) insurance, and (12) traffic. Each group has a leader, appointed by the govern-

ment, and though his functions are not very clear at the moment it seems that he will settle all general questions arising out of competition in his group. Once a year 'the leader' must appear before his group and ask for a vote of confidence. Courts of honour are to be formed to deal with complaints of 'unfair competition'. On this point Dr. Schmitt said: 'There is no desire to destroy individual life within the German economy. The independent owner of a business bound up with his enterprise for good or ill is needed as much as ever. In future, too, they could not do without honest competition. The justification of private enterprise was that it kept economic forces fresh and spurred them on to the highest achievements. But this free play of forces must be sound and ordered; it must be directed by strong leadership . . . towards one aim, towards the welfare of the whole, towards service to the nation and the Fatherland. All businesses must in future belong to their group in order that they might subordinate themselves to . . . the principles of loyal and decent competition'.

So much for Dr. Schmitt.

What is Fair Competition?

'Fair Competition'—'Honest Competition'—'Decent Competition'—these are terms which occur nearly every day in the Press. We read of Codes of fair competition under the N.R.A. in the U.S.A.; we hear of 'unfair' Japanese competition in world markets; also of unfair shipping subsidies. At the Ottawa Conference it was arranged that tariff rates were to be scientific, by which was meant that they were to be so adjusted as to give conditions of fair competition between United Kingdom and Canadian manufacturers. But what does it all mean? How does one define fair competition? I find this is a very difficult question to answer. Is it unfair competition if a Japanese exporter has lower costs than a European exporter because rice is cheaper than meat? Is it unfair competition if the price of a British export is kept low through selling the article at a higher price in the home market? Is it unfair competition if the manufacturers in one country are subjected to higher taxes than manufacturers of a similar article in another country? I need not elaborate the list of examples. I will leave you to define 'fair competition'. You will find it an interesting intellectual pursuit. There is one danger against which you must be warned, and that is the danger that, having most carefully taken steps to equalise conditions for both sides in any given case, you should then find to your embarrassment that you have eliminated the competition you are endeavouring to make 'fair' and 'honest'!

Returning to the large question which I have taken as the main theme of this talk, that is, the problem of *how* the state is to exercise control over the development of the economic system, I think that one must be very careful to give a great deal of weight to national characteristics, when considering this question in any given country. Take our own case. We are still fundamentally a democratic country; we believe—and it sounds commonsense to me—that agreement by consent is the only way in which to produce permanent results. Admittedly it is a slow method compared with that of the dictator who uses force, and in practice the word consent must be taken to mean the consent of a substantial majority. In politics we have a machinery of government which permits of action being taken once a majority have decided what shall be done. But in economic—perhaps I should say industrial—matters there is, generally speaking, no method by which a small recalcitrant minority can be prevented from holding up a scheme of re-organisation recognised to be necessary by most of the industry. In British agriculture this is not the case; in any given scheme, once a majority has been obtained, the minority have to accept the scheme. But industry is not so situated, and it is a symptom of the changing times that to an increasing degree, both from the 'right' and from the 'left', demands are being made that steps should be taken to introduce democratic government into British industry. At present there is not government, and where there is not government there must be, by definition, anarchy.

Great world forces, spiritual and political in their nature rather than economic, are beating upon the structures of human society. Economic nationalism is but one of the symptoms of the existence of these forces. The Corporative states; the experiments in Italy, Austria, Germany—not to mention Russia—are experiments in the autocratic government of industry. The American experiment seems up to the present to be able to claim allegiance to the democratic camp.

What is our contribution going to be? During the nineteenth century we made great contributions to the world in the spheres of political democracy and economic *laissez-faire*. May it not be that in the twentieth century it should be our task to demonstrate the practicability of democratic government in industry?



The Listener

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Eye v. Ear: A Test

IN view of the great improvements that broadcasting, the cinema, etc., have made in visual and auditory methods of presenting information to both children and adults, it is somewhat surprising that psychologists have not yet investigated these new methods sufficiently thoroughly as to be able to pronounce authoritatively whether the ear or the eye is the better medium of the two. A number of isolated experiments have indeed been carried out, but their only result is that from time to time one hears rather arbitrary statements affirming the superiority of one medium over the other, but without giving adequate facts or reasons. The latest piece of evidence on the subject comes from America, where Mr. Frank N. Stanton, of the Psychology Department of Ohio State University, has made a careful experimental study* comparing visual and aural methods of presenting advertising copy. In this case the intention was to determine the comparative effectiveness of advertising copy presented to groups of individuals by the printed page *versus* that delivered through a radio loudspeaker.

The copy used consisted of two groups of eight advertisements each, featuring fictitious trade names and specially written for the tests. Great care was taken to ensure that the copy came fresh to the 160 students (of both sexes) who were subjected to the experiment. The four groups into which the students were divided had the copy presented to them in various ways, auditory or visual (in different order), and were given subsequent tests at intervals after the presentations of one, seven, and twenty-one days. At each stage they were tested in three ways, for 'pure recall', 'aided recall' and 'recognition'. For the 'pure recall' test, the participants were given a blank form and instructed to list all the trade names and products they could remember having read or heard in the experiment. For the 'aided recall' test forms were provided on which the sixteen kinds of product advertised were listed. Beside these the students were asked to write the correct trade names if they remembered them. The 'recognition' test provided a list of four alternative trade names, opposite each commodity name. Three of these were fictitious and not used in the experiment. The students were instructed to select and mark the correct trade names if they could.

The results of these tests showed a remarkable superiority on the part of the auditory method over the visual.

Only in one case—that is the 'recognition' test after the lapse of twenty-four hours—was the visual method found superior to the auditory method in three out of the four groups, but even here the average of four groups combined was slightly favourable to the auditory method. In every other case the auditory method was found to be superior. 'The peak of the auditory superiority in both the pure recall and the aided recall tests came for the seven days' period. In the recognition scores the greatest auditory superiority occurred at twenty-one days. At twenty-one days both auditory and visual result for recall were much lower than the margin between the two suffered by the lapse of time'. Throughout the experiment every precaution was taken to control all variable conditions by keeping them as constant as possible. It was recognised that the auditory results were probably somewhat heightened as a result of abnormal attention given by the students to the loudspeaker and the copy. On the other hand, the visual copy also received special attention from the students, who were instructed to read every word of it—which, of course, is not the case in normal visual advertising. It may be assumed, therefore, that the advantages and disadvantages of the two media were as nearly equal as possible in this experiment.

Since the participants were college students, and therefore trained readers, it would be reasonable to suppose that a similar experiment conducted with other persons—for example listeners in their own homes—might show an even more substantial difference in favour of audition, at any rate for certain economic levels. No one could pretend that a test of this kind allows of the drawing of any final or comprehensive conclusions. Many other groups chosen according to age, sex, occupation and economic condition would have to be examined before these results of this one test could be said to be confirmed. But at least the test shows the need for further experiment in the same field: nor is there any reason why such investigations should be left only to enterprise on the other side of the Atlantic.

Week By Week

THE £50,000 which it has recently received by the will of the late Norman Wilkinson is enabling the Courtauld Institute of Art to realise a scheme which was projected as soon as the Institute itself was thought of—that is, to establish an art laboratory in this country. The laboratory will first start work at the Institute's premises at 20, Portman Square, where there is ample accommodation; later it will be transferred, with the other departments, to the new London University buildings in Bloomsbury. It will, as now envisaged, have four main functions. First, investigation into the physical constitution of works of art—work which will be useful not only to the art historian, but also to the modern artist, who will learn exactly how such a colour, such a glaze, was arrived at, and also what alternative methods there may be of reaching the same result. Second, the influence of physical environment on works of art—what is the best atmosphere, temperature, etc., for any given work. The sort of application this research might have is illustrated by the article in the current *Burlington Magazine*, which describes the deterioration suffered by Mantegna's tempera cartoons in their transference from Mantua to Hampton Court. Third, the advantages and disadvantages of methods of restoration: and here, it is important to emphasise, the laboratory will not undertake actual restoration or treatment except in so far as is necessary to test the validity of its methods. There are plenty of competent restorers already at work, and the laboratory will limit itself strictly to research and diagnosis. The fourth function will be to explore the possibilities of various methods of investigation—by X-ray, ultra-violet ray, etc. The work of the laboratory, in short, will be severely scientific—its staff will be concerned with physical facts, not æsthetic values; but, being an integral part of the Institute, the scientists will have at their back all

* *Memory for Advertising Copy Presented Visually vs. Orally*. By Frank N. Stanton. Reprinted by the Columbia Broadcasting System

the resources and knowledge of the other departments. The nearest parallels are probably at the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard, run in connection with that University's Department of Fine Arts, or at the Louvre—but these are both partly concerned with restoration. And, of course, a great deal of valuable work on the lines indicated is already being done at the British Museum laboratory; but there the workers have, of necessity, been preoccupied with *ad hoc* problems of restoration and attribution, and they have never had the opportunity for that disinterested long-period research which is the aim of this new establishment.

* * *

It is not often that a magazine lets its readers into the real secrets of its own existence and past history. The April number of *The Countryman*, however, contains an article by its editor, Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott, describing with courageous candour the origin and rise of his now well-known quarterly, which after seven years has won for itself a definite standing as a review of rural life and interests. No doubt the layman often wonders how such enterprises become established without losing their independence or compromising their aims. Mr. Robertson Scott's experiences give some answer to the question. Any new magazine to become self-supporting needs advertisements, but to obtain advertisements it also needs circulation. How can both be secured in progressively growing quantities? The dilemma can only be resolved as *The Countryman* has done it, first by producing the kind of paper which is not rapidly scanned and left in the train, but is read, re-read, sometimes lent and often bound. Next, every copy printed, whether sold or not, must be placed in the hands of someone who is likely to read it. And lastly, Mr. Robertson Scott attributes his success to the inclusion of a multiplicity of advertisements on small-size pages 'facing opposite matter'. Whether these be the secrets of successful journalism or not, in the case of *The Countryman* they have brought a rise from 11 to 190 advertisement pages and 85 to 162 text pages in seven years, which is a remarkable record. The day of the quarterly is evidently not past yet; indeed, there is even noticeable a certain revival of this kind of periodical, which shows that we have not altogether forgotten the value of intellectual leisure, even in this hurried and mechanical age.

* * *

The trolley-'bus-in-Bedford-Square battle—still hotly proceeding, though the House of Commons has given an unopposed second reading to the enabling Bill—is a very good example of the English way of conducting such controversies. On the one hand, the sentimental progressives—'Even those who are protesting are bound to admit that the introduction of the trolley-'bus is a progressive step', says an evening paper (and presumably the introduction of trolley-'buses into Constitution Hill or Regent's Park would, equally, by itself be a 'progressive' step). On the other, the sentimental reactionaries—Must one of London's squares be ruthlessly destroyed, etc., etc.; with not the least appreciation of the reasons behind the proposal, with not the least suggestion for an alternative. As an admirable corrective to this two-sided argument-by-emotion comes Mr. D. S. MacColl's contribution to the question in the current *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. MacColl is against trolley-'buses in Bedford Square: but he is against them for practical reasons which are capable of being set against the equally practical ones of the London Passenger Transport Board in favour of the project. At rush hours the Tube north from Tottenham Court Road is full to overflowing; another outlet for the Hampstead, Golders Green and Hendon traffic is needed. Hence the scheme for trolley-'buses down Tottenham Court Road—'buses which must be able to turn before the junction with Oxford Street, where there is no room for more wheeled traffic. Mr. MacColl accepts this necessity—but why Bedford Square? As projected, the 'buses will go down Tottenham Court Road as far as Bedford

Avenue; turn left; left again up the west side of Bedford Square; and again at Bayley Street; then across Tottenham Court Road to the left side, crossing their own tracks, and right up Tottenham Court Road again. The two clear disadvantages are this crossing of tracks (with the paraphernalia of crossing overhead cables) and the invasion of a moderately peaceful square. Are these disadvantages necessary? Mr. MacColl thinks not, and suggests his alternative—a turn *west* of Tottenham Court Road rather than east. That, we suppose, would mean that the 'buses coming down Tottenham Court Road would turn right; perhaps at Percy Street, and up Charlotte Street, and then right again at Goodge Street or Tottenham Street. The disadvantages are, three right-handed turns; the advantages, that there would be no crossing of tracks, and that streets which have no particular amenities in the way of architecture and quiet, etc., should carry this traffic in preference to a square which is rich in them. So we hope that when Parliament considers the question again it is this sort of reasoned and constructive criticism it will notice, and not the bleatings of the sentimentalists.

* * *

The work of Mr. C. K. Ogden and his Cambridge assistants in regard to Basic English has already won the praise of some distinguished critics. Mr. H. G. Wells foresees in it the universal language of the future; Dr. I. A. Richards testifies that, despite its restricted vocabulary, it does not lack literary subtlety and eloquence; while Mr. Gerald Moore, of the Royal Institution, writes that 'it is more potential of evolution in its newer forms than any speech mankind has ever known'. But now, to set beside these opinions, there comes to us from Canada some adverse criticism, which, arising from an attempt at practical application, deserves particular attention. It had been proposed to employ Basic English in teaching adult immigrants in America, but the result of a preliminary investigation was 'to show that the system was unusable for this purpose'. This led to the publication by the University of Toronto of a critical examination* of Basic English. The system, it is argued, is liable to produce early discouragement in the learner. Promised a small and calculable task (the number of new words is said to be only 850), he actually finds that he is faced with a large, indeed incalculable, one. For, although the number of new words is limited, the number of items developed from them is not. The general approach is criticised on the grounds that it attempts to develop an increasing accuracy, but always at the same level of vocabulary. This means that in the early stages of learning considerable inaccuracy must be permitted, whereas the proper procedure would be to strive always for accuracy and in so doing gradually to expand vocabulary. The selected vocabulary is itself inadequate and, although sometimes capable of expressing abstruse ideas aptly enough, simple and common ideas must often be paraphrased. Mr. Ogden's critics do not object to his attempt to simplify language learning, but they do not think that it can or ought to be achieved 'by a simplification of the language itself'. A teacher has no authority 'to stereotype the language, to prevent by extreme conservatism such healthy simplification as the language will do for itself'. The vocabulary of Basic English is suitable 'for reading only'. It neglects the flexibility and eloquence natural to common speech. Thus, they argue, it might lead to the mechanisation of the English language—even amongst those whose mother tongue it is.

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X COMMONSENSE AND THE CHILD X
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X Next week we shall publish a symposium of extracts X
X from recent morning broadcasts on this subject X
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X XXX X

* *A Critical Examination of Basic English*. By M. P. West, E. Swenson and others. University of Toronto Press. 50 cents.

Foreign Affairs

Dictators and Democracies

By VERNON BARTLETT

LET me say a little about those three picturesque figures, General Gömbös, Signor Mussolini and Dr. Dollfuss, who have been conducting conversations in Rome. They didn't look very picturesque in the photographs we have seen of them because, quite frankly, a black shirt and a grey tunic suit Signor Mussolini much better than a black coat and a silk hat. I prefer Dr. Dollfuss in his captain's uniform and plumed hat to mufti and a bowler, and one of my disappointments on my last visit to Budapest was that General Gömbös, whose photograph in the most magnificent uniform appeared in the shop windows, received me in a tweed coat and grey flannel trousers—worn, somebody hinted to me, as a delicate compliment to me, an Englishman.

I make these comments on the personal appearance of these three men because I want to insist that, despite their photographs, they are picturesque personalities. The difficult period through which Europe has passed since the War has thrown up an entirely new type of leader, successful not on account of his family or even his intelligence but, in many cases, because he is a man of the people who has succeeded because he understands how to appeal to the people. Mussolini, Gömbös, Dollfuss, Hitler—most of the dictators of Europe—might have been trained in Hollywood, and it would be interesting some time to speculate how much the increasing number of cinema frequenters has to do with the change in the type of our rulers.

Mussolini, a blacksmith's son, has seen the inside of prisons in three countries. In Switzerland he was arrested, I believe, as a vagrant; in Austria as a political agitator on behalf of Italians under Austrian rule; in Italy as a dangerous Socialist and strike-leader. Hitler has gone hungry in the streets of Vienna and has worked as a builder's assistant. Gömbös led an army against the Communist government in Budapest shortly after the War and was ready to lead another one, a year or two later, against the ex-Emperor Karl on one of his ill-judged attempts to exchange exile in Switzerland for the crown of St. Stephen.

And each of these men, however anti-democratic his methods, has to worry far more than any constitutional monarch or president about retaining the enthusiastic support of the masses. Popularity is as essential to him as to the film star. Unless the modern dictator is also a very good actor he is not likely to last for long. But just *because* he does know what the people want and how to console them or mislead them if he is not in the position to give it them, he is seldom the tyrant that we imagine all dictators to be. And I go out of my way to emphasise that, because I still meet so many people who feel that no form of government except their own can possibly last, and that their particular form is suitable for all other nations, whatever their history or their culture. People who knew so little of Russia that they believed there could ever be an exact repetition of the Soviet revolution in Great Britain now forget all about the history of Germany since 1914, and tell me that anybody who tries to understand events in Germany is encouraging National Socialism over here. We may one day have Communism or Fascism here—I make no prophecy about that—but I cannot imagine that in either case the change would be brought about as the result of events in the least like those in Russia and Germany.

All of which is one more plea—that we should follow events in Europe with as much detachment as possible, and should not try to judge everything by our own particular standards. If we do, we not only encourage European misunderstandings

but underestimate the strength of governments or systems we do not happen to like.

Here is one more point I would put before you. What should the attitude of a democrat be towards Germany? Personally I should very definitely dislike living there now. I want much more freedom to make up my own mind and to express my own judgment than is encouraged, or even allowed, in Germany today. Many people whose views I respect and often share are shut in concentration camps. I believe that nothing can justify such restraints on the liberty of the individual. And yet, on the other hand, I am firmly convinced that far more people are happy under the present German government than under any preceding one. It may not last, of course, if the Nazis cannot produce that heaven on earth their leaders promised before they came into power, but if the great majority of the people have new hope, a new feeling of comradeship and all the rest of it, ought a democrat to feel that this greater good for the greatest number should cancel the fact that a small minority is suffering martyrdom for its beliefs? I don't know the answer to that question. I must leave it to you.

The same question arises, of course, in every country which has given up parliamentary methods. One of the finest Italians I know, a man who has done a very great deal for his country both in peace and in war, is always followed by a policeman on a bicycle because he says too bluntly that he dislikes Fascism. His only hope of seeing his friends without running the risk of getting them into trouble is to take a taxi and to drive up a particular hill which leaves the unfortunate policeman puffing far away in the rear. But I lived in Rome for the two years immediately before Signor Mussolini came into power and there were so many strikes that we seldom got through a week without one which cut off the light, the water or the tramways. The country was sinking to the level of a fifth-rate power. People who were at the Peace Conference remember little about Signor Orlando except his habit of bursting into tears when things went wrong. They remember a little more about Signor Giolitti and Signor Nitti, but they have to seek in the dusty archives of their memories for the names of the other post-War Prime Ministers, Bonomi, Facta—there were probably others as well, but I have forgotten them. They were decent, well-meaning men, but the system under which they worked made it impossible to get anything in the nature of a strong government ruling a united people.

Let me repeat that I don't like dictatorships and that I should not like to see one over here. But there do seem to be periods of crisis or transition when quick decisions are essential and, consequently, when the ordinary citizen ought to be ready to forget some of his selfish or personal interests for the good of the state. It is obvious enough during a war—in the last one we ended up by placing ourselves under the command of a foreigner, Marshal Foch, in order that there should be no muddle and no delay. It is a little less obvious now, but, I should have thought, almost as important, because there can be no doubt that the changes of the last few years—our sacrifice of the cherished gold standard, for example, and the discovery that we were all the better for the sacrifice—are only the first of many that will be necessary before we have learnt how to increase the power of consumption—in other words, the ability of the people to buy—so that it equals the ability to produce. So far President Roosevelt seems to have gone furthest ahead in this direction. If he succeeds he will have given a tremendous example and encouragement to other states like our own, where the people are wondering whether strong leadership and the present system of parliamentary democracy can go together.



Life in the jungle, where the primitive Negro lives the life that his ancestors have led for thousands of years

The Colonial Empire—XI

Future Relations of Black and White in Africa

By MARGERY PERHAM

THE outstanding fact about tropical Africa today is the greatness and suddenness of the change that has come upon it. Half a century ago modern Europe broke in upon a people which had been living on in a state of primitive savagery for the six or seven thousand years in which the rest of the world had been civilising itself. I suppose that in the whole of history no people has ever had to pass through a more critical century of development than these tropical Africans in the fifty years that have just passed and the fifty that are to come. And we in this country have undertaken the responsibility of guiding nearly fifty millions of them through this crisis. What kind of change is taking place in the Africans themselves? How quickly has it been happening, and how quickly is it likely to go on happening, and how are we going to deal with it?

Let us put two contrasting pictures side by side. We find ourselves in front of a village set in the middle of rolling bushland; a rough palisade of branches round a circle of about twenty huts, with mud walls and thatched roofs. We are greeted by the patriarch, the grandfather of the hundred people who live in the enclosure—an old, bearded, very dignified man, naked, like all those round, but for a narrow piece of hand-woven cloth round his loins. He is not only head of this large household, but as the senior of his line, of three or four more neighbouring households. This little community of some few hundreds is almost completely independent of the rest of the world. The household heads, and especially this senior one, have authority over the others because they are in close touch with the ancestors, whose favour is vital to the very existence of the group. Our old friend here, when he succeeded, had the heart of his predecessor served up to him in a human skull. He ate it solemnly, that the power of the dead might live on in him. He refreshes this power by eating human flesh from time to time; also the hearts of all dangerous

animals killed in the hunt. A young man is smearing himself all over with a kind of liquid clay. He is going courting and this is a magic to make him seem strong and beautiful in the eyes of his beloved. The women are returning from the fields with their hoes, or carrying pots of water on their heads: we notice their stately walk and the elaborate patterns cut almost all over their naked bodies; the young boys are driving in the goats that they have been herding all day; the girls are tending the still smaller children. Everyone here, it seems, has his or her exact status and duties according to age and sex. Keeping order among them is not very difficult. The discipline of tradition—the daily co-operative struggle with Nature for a living, their equality in poverty—all this makes for order. And few dare risk the automatic punishment of magic that most offences bring into action, and the disfavour of the ancestors. For the visible village life is ringed about by invisible forces, and these must be placated or combated by magic. The gravest responsibility that lies upon the elders is not the control of men and women but of natural forces. In times of crisis, when the food crops upon which their lives depend are in danger, they follow, in their obscure little corner of Africa, a tragic custom as old as human history. They take a young unblemished child, and sacrifice him. At night, secretly and in silence, some of the blood is mixed with earth and scattered on the fields to restore the power of earth and bring on the crops.

And now turn to look at the other picture. We are in a West Coast town, seaport and capital. We set out to pay a call upon an African gentleman. His house is large and it has an excellent view over the water. A servant answers the door and we enter to find ourselves in so completely European an interior that it is with a shock of surprise that we notice the family photographs are of black people. We know our host; we met him having tea with the Governor the other day at the races. One

of his horses won the big event. He is a merchant, a rich man as riches go in these parts, a member of both the Legislative and Municipal Council. He comes in now, an extremely dignified and courteous host, speaking good English though with an accent, and we settle down to talk and tea. We discuss English politics; he has been to England several times. Last time he and his wife took their younger daughter and settled her into a new school. His son and older daughter are both there at the University; the son has just taken his Finals at Cambridge. If we were in the mood we could go on a little further where we might call upon a well-to-do lawyer who is part-owner of the best daily paper in the country. It is his brother who writes those leading articles criticising the follies of Europe, or perhaps our own policy with regard to, say, the Kakamega goldfields.

Here, then, we have two extremes as they exist in Africa today. How many people do they typify, and how many more are at different stages in between? The families which have become Europeanised to the extent of those we called upon are probably to be counted only in tens. They are to be found mostly on the West Coast—they hardly exist yet in the East. Below them are perhaps some hundreds of families partly Europeanised. They are, as it were, candidates for the top grade. In the next class we shall find a good many thousands scattered all over British tropical Africa. They are made up of teachers, clerks, government employees, small contractors, and so on. They talk English fairly well, wear European clothes, read a newspaper, play tennis, belong to a debating society and live in a sort of bungalow-cottage with a tin roof, and curtains in the windows. Below them comes a much larger class of people living in certain areas, exposed to European influences, round a town or a big mission-station. Or the area may be one where a profitable economic crop is grown—cocoa in the southern Gold Coast, palm-oil in parts of Nigeria, cotton in Uganda, coffee in Tanganyika. In these prosperous areas there are probably plenty of schools, plenty of markets, and good roads. A family income far above the usual African rate has allowed them to buy some of the treasures out of the shops, some European garments, if not a complete outfit, a bicycle, a sewing machine, a wrist-watch, packets of sugar and tea, or, perhaps, gin and patent medicines to restore virility. It is in such areas that the younger generation which has been to school grasps eagerly at the new freedom. Nominal Christians, half-emancipated from the fear of magic and ancestors, they are apt to flout their elders' authority. Small wonder that Dr. Richards, the anthropologist, heard an old man saying to his son, 'Now you are a Christian you think you can do any wicked thing'.

Finally comes the great mass of Africans who have not been exposed to quite such strong influences. The coming of the European has changed their lives in many ways. Yet those best qualified to judge, the anthropologists, reveal to us societies that have clung to their old customs with great faithfulness. In spite of many changes imposed upon them, the pattern of life remains much the same.

We see from this that civilisation for the primitive African is bound to mean to a large degree, and especially at first, Europeanisation. The French call the process assimilation. It is as though the two cultures, African and British, were two thick fluids of very different colour and character. Each population, like millions of little absorbent objects, lies soaking in its own culture, as in a great vat. For the most part we sprinkle our culture widely over the great African vessel in the form of schools, and mission, trading and government stations; in this way it cannot dilute the African culture very quickly or uniformly. But if you take and drop single individuals, as with our Negroes educated in England, into the British culture, then assimilation will go further; if they stayed there it might become complete. Assimilation is largely bound up with economic progress. The question is—will African trade advance at the rate it did in the decade before 1929 or remain static or declining as in the last few years? That is for the great financiers and economists of the world to answer—if they can!

Even a moderate advance in Africa means change at a rate unknown before in history. Must we go through here all the painful incidents that have accompanied rapid change in our Near and Far Eastern dependencies? The feverish young nationalism: the fierce internal conflict between parties and religions: the premature demand for Western institutions: the

bitter racial hostility towards ourselves, answered on our part with reluctant repression in the interests of order?

We naturally look to the form of government to see if it is any better devised in Africa to stand the inevitable strain. I explained in my last talk that the dominant form in British Tropical Africa was known as Indirect Rule. Its object is to allow change by growth rather than by mere substitution—growth of familiar tribal institutions into more modern forms to suit modern conditions. This is surely the soundest way to build upwards towards a real unity: to keep the native foundations even if the central forms are ultimately on the English model.

'But', I seem to hear a voice interposing, 'can you really assume so readily that Africans have the capacity to advance like this. Why did they never build any civilisation of their own? Have not scientists proved that the Negro brain is inferior in capacity and quality? And why should these savages leap 2,000 years and presume to take the culture and the institutions that we hammered out painfully century by century for our special needs? No, let them develop on their own lines. Let them be good Africans, not bad imitations of Europeans'.

Neither science nor history as yet gives us a clear-cut decision on this question. But you cannot travel about Africa without realising vividly certain things. Negroland was barricaded from the rest of the world by desert and forest; and Nature added her handicaps to this isolation. In some ways her indulgence sapped human effort: in others her violent alternating moods of drought and flood made it useless beyond a certain point: she bred an abundance of wild beasts and pests and diseases to prey on men's crops and livestock; she kept man himself diseased, half starved and ridden with fear. It may be the average African brain is smaller than ours. It is by no means proved. Nor is its exact significance. We are told that the brains of Esquimaux are larger than ours, but we do not contemplate sending to Greenland for our next batch of dictators. The brains of English women are smaller than those of English men and yet—but I must not start on that. It would take too long. And you can imagine all I might have said. As for the two thousand years' argument, there is all the difference in changing by slow effort your own environment, and in having it changed for you, as it were, overnight, with nothing to do but adapt yourself to it. The figure 2,000 years is quite irrelevant. There are examples—I know one or two of them personally—of Africans civilised in one or two generations.

And lastly, this curious modern tendency—though it has been known in the world before—to monopolise culture or civilisation. As if civilisation were not a common stock which has slowly accumulated throughout history. All the important elements of civilisation had been contributed by other people long before we savages began to squeeze in next to France for our share. And since then, can we claim to have given back as much as we have taken? It would be pretty poor, now that we happen to control the access of so many Africans to civilisation, if we tried to edge them out. It would certainly compare badly with the generosity of our French neighbours who express pride and joy because they are handing on to Africa the torch that Rome gave long ago to Gaul.

Some of you may be wondering why I have seen the future relations of black and white as a matter between only the British Government and the Africans. What of white settlement? Numerically the thousands of white settlers in East Africa still make small showing among the African millions, though their wealth and ability give them an importance beyond mere numbers. The settlers dream of a British dominion from the Nile to the Limpopo or the Cape. Will they increase? Probably, but it is difficult to count upon any very large increase because there are important limiting factors—lack of land; lack of labour; and the competition of blacks in skilled and semi-skilled work.

But even if white settlers will never form more than a small minority in East Africa, race-relations in black-and-white Africa may affect our relations with black Africa. There is no need for me to tell you of the conflict of principles that has marked the history of Kenya. A series of governments, a series of visiting Commissions, an all-party committee of both Houses of Parliament, have all refused to consider handing over the political control of the African population to the settler minority. They have not done this because they have any prejudice against the settlers, but because, as Sir Edward Grigg and Dr. Oldham explained in their broadcast debate,

minority rule would begin with injustice to the Africans and would probably end with the submergence of the whites. African and Indian delegations to England have expressed almost passionate opposition to such a step. As the Africans advance in education and unity and in the sense of power that numbers give—a Pan-African movement is inevitable some day—their opposition will become formidable. The only hope of satisfactory racial relations in the long run is for the settlers to renounce a political ambition that causes such ten-

to dine with an African in Johannesburg and possible in Lagos. Yet all our experience teaches us that these relations are less likely to develop on this level of mutual respect: mixed blood has mostly resulted from the men of the superior race taking advantage of the subjection of the inferior.

The Joint Committee looked forward to the appointment of Africans to Legislative Council. But how can this or any other form of co-operation develop if the Eastern Africans are mostly so backward? The slow working of the educational system will not normally produce leaders in the near future. A special arrangement is needed to give some picked men and women the completest possible education. Half-education with its hindering inferiority complex is useless for this purpose. One can see already that we are in for endless misunderstanding with those who are educated enough to understand their own point of view but not enough to understand ours. Dr. Aggrey was one of the few Africans—perhaps the only one—to go so far.

Moreover, I believe that such Africans could profoundly influence race-relations. Every European who meets them would shed a load of prejudice in the first ten minutes. He would get a sudden vision of what Africans can and will be. He would realise that co-operation is not only possible but valuable. Only experience can show that: the settler is not going to listen to pious exhortations from outside.

Africans have always suffered from being regarded as a huge, incomprehensible, vaguely menacing black mass. They gain on emergence as individuals for the simple reason that they are such likeable people. They have their faults but they have some very useful virtues—kindliness, tolerance, humility, a great zest for life. And they smile better than any other people in the world. I wish I could break off there so as to end upon a cheerful note. But we cannot hope to leave this difficult question in a spirit of easy optimism. It is useless to pretend that there is not a conflict of principles in Africa today. Those who are struggling to give the Africans scope to develop to



The black man's first impact with civilisation

sion and consider the alternative of co-operation. Yet it must be difficult for the Kenya settler to imagine any form of co-operation with Africans today. He must see them as abysmally backward and often very tiresome, stealing or infecting his cattle, misunderstanding his orders, breaking labour contracts. It is greatly to his credit that he is generally such a just and kindly employer. Yet in the long run more is needed than a happy master-and-servant relation. Will that more be possible? Or will it be checked by that psychological barrier which is not peculiar to settlers, nor to Africa, nor to white people—colour feeling? It is upon this that the whole future depends.

This colour feeling is no mysterious, almost sacred, instinct which it is impertinent to analyse. It is made up of reasonable elements, each of which can be exaggerated into unreason. There is the sense of difference roused by colour and features so unlike our own. But this sense of difference may be exaggerated by mass-suggestion into an indiscriminating repulsion which will prevent any approach to Negroes as human beings. Another element in colour feeling is the sense that the Africans' culture is lower than our own and in some ways distasteful. This is reasonable. But it may be magnified into the view that all Africans are and always will be an inferior species. Anthropology can correct this view by revealing the reasonableness, the richly human character, of their old social life; and history would remind us how recently, as mankind's history goes, the disgusted Romans hewed down the Druid Groves and the altars strewn with human remains. As for the savagery of inter-tribal raids, we should not forget the vast, the literally incalculable, losses by war, famine and disease which we Europeans inflicted upon Africans by forcing them to fight each other in a quarrel which had nothing whatever to do with them.

What really turns a rational appreciation of the differences between the races into an irrational colour prejudice is fear. It may be only a slight sub-conscious fear—fear of economic competition: fear of racial mixture. Only the latter could make us so unreasonable as to refuse to have any social contact with even the most civilised African. That is why it is impossible



Africans whose standard of life is almost completely Europeanised—interested spectators at a sports meeting

Photographs by the Author

their full stature as civilised human beings, rather than as the servants of civilisation, will need the moral support of this country. We have declared ourselves against a policy of racial discrimination. If we go back on our word on the grounds of defending white civilisation, then white civilisation will become so much the less worth defending. It would be a sad thing if African scholars writing the history of the British Empire a thousand years or more ahead should describe our magnificent achievements up to this point, and then go on to relate that it was just here and in Africa that we began to go back upon our great traditions.

Light—V

News Brought by Light

By SIR WILLIAM BRAGG

I PROPOSE that we now look up and out into the far distances of space and consider what light may tell us of the happenings there. All such news is brought to us by light: without it our knowledge of the universe would be limited indeed.

We have seen that the light of the sun can be analysed by a prism and so resolved into colours. So can the light from the moon or from a star. So can also the light from an electric lamp or a candle or any source of light. The question suggests itself: does the analysis always show the same result? If there are differences, what is the cause of them, and what can we infer from them? As I have said already, you and I are hampered by the fact that I cannot show you experiments or demonstrations. In previous talks I have taken what opportunity I could of appealing to your own experience. I can only do so now to a limited extent: for the rest, I shall have to ask you to trust my account of experiments made in the laboratory.



A very bright sodium lamp is contained in the box on the left. Although it is emitting light, its shadow on the screen is dark

Let us not, however, appeal to the laboratory at once, but to an effect familiar to us all. We have looked into a glowing coal fire. There is perhaps a little cave in the coals; we look through an opening into a red-hot interior. We may have noticed that it is difficult to see the outline of the coals within. If there is a piece of rock or perhaps metal or broken china or glass in the cave, it is barely distinguishable from the rest, especially if the opening of the cave is small. The fact is that bodies which are emitting light emit exactly the same kind of light if they are at the same temperature. Consequently the various bodies in the cave cannot be distinguished from one another: they are all sending light of exactly the same quality to the eye. If the temperature of the furnace is raised, the radiation from every body in it changes in the same way. It becomes whiter; on analysis it is found to have more blue in it. In the laboratory we can throw upon the screen the spectrum of the light from an arc lantern. If the current is switched off, the blue end of the spectrum is the first to disappear. When the glowing carbons are no more than a dull red, there is little left of the spectrum but its red end. It is in fact possible to tell the temperature of a hot body which is emitting light by the quality of that light: temperature alone determines quality, with certain exceptions which I will describe presently. This method of determining temperatures is often employed in industrial processes.

It can also be applied to the stars, and this is the first example I would like to give you of the kind of information we obtain from comparisons of the qualities of the radiations which the stars send us. It turns out that stars differ widely in temperature. Our sun is midway between extremes, having

a temperature of 6,000 degrees C., or about 11,000 degrees F. There are orange stars like Arcturus with a temperature of about 4,500 degrees C., and dull red stars such as Antares with a temperature of 3,000 degrees C. On the other hand, the white star Canopus is at about 7,500 degrees C., Sirius at 10,000 degrees C., while some stars in Orion reach 25,000 degrees C.

Now we come to that use of light which above all others has brought us the most information about the stars. When we look closely into the spectre of the heavenly bodies we find curious gaps in the range of colours or wavelengths spread out in their order by the prism. We do not find such gaps in the spectra of a lamp or a candle or any glowing solid. Moreover, the absences vary from star to star. Here, then, is something to be enquired into.

Before I attempt its explanation let me say that the underlying principle has been and is of the highest importance both in scientific research and in industry. 'Spectrum analysis', as it is termed, was first attempted about eighty years ago. It opened up a new field of science, in which a study of the intimate structure of matter of all kinds and at all temperatures could be made with the most remarkable success. It has been a main contributor to the strange new knowledge of modern physics. I would like therefore to give you some idea of the way in which it works, although we have to face the difficulty that no appeal can be made to common experience. We must go into the laboratory and use the apparatus that we find there.

There is one beautiful old experiment which illustrates the main point in a straightforward way, and it can now be repeated under far better conditions than ever before because of modern improvements in the apparatus which we employ. Before I describe it let me restate our problem. The spectrum of an arc light is a continuous sheet of colour from red to blue. The spectrum of the sun's light is similar in its display, but there are gaps in it. It should be mentioned that these gaps are very narrow indeed, and the finer the optical apparatus the more easily we observe their great number; there are many thousands, some well marked, others only faint. Now if the sun is a glowing solid mass like that of the carbon in the arc, it should send out a continuous spectrum. What has abstracted certain portions?

It is possible to obtain a powerful lamp which emits only a very narrow range of wavelengths. They lie in the yellow part of the spectrum, and are identical with those which are emitted when salt is thrown into a colourless flame. I expect that we all know the ghastly effect of illumination obtained in this way. The light contains only the yellow wavelengths within a narrow range; blue, green and red are absent. Consequently all the red tones of health disappear from everyone's face: and all objects in the room appear yellow or black or intermediate in shade between these two.

We allow one of these lamps to throw its light upon a screen. We place a non-luminous colourless flame in the way of the light, but no clear shadow is cast upon the screen because the yellow light goes through the flame. Now we introduce a little salt into the flame, whereupon it brightens up strongly, emitting the characteristic yellow. At the same time a black shadow of the flame is cast upon the screen. In fact, the shadow looks like a dense cloud of black smoke rising from the burner. The screen, it will be remembered, is lit up by the lamp, and so the flame is now able to intercept the light from the lamp on its way to the screen; but it was unable to do so until it was made luminous itself, shining with the same yellow light as that which the lamp emits. The action here is exactly the same as that which I have already described as characteristic of a pigment. It is an action of resonance. The resonator is the sodium which is a constituent of salt. Sodium itself is a metal. Its atoms when sufficiently heated vibrate in certain definite modes, and emit the corresponding ether waves of definite lengths, just as a stringed instrument emits

its various notes when the whole instrument is jarred. The sodium atom emits a very simple range of notes, confined almost entirely to a narrow band in the yellow. In its simplicity it may be compared with a tuning fork. Other atoms, for example that of iron, emit a very complicated series of notes, to which even a bell provides far too simple an analogy.

The explanation of our experiment is now easy. The lamp itself contains an arrangement for setting sodium atoms into violent vibration so that an intense yellow light is emitted. When these rays try to penetrate the flame, they find there an assemblage of sodium atoms, all set free from the bonds that held them together in the salt before it was thrown into the flame, and all capable of vibrating.

Last week I suggested an experiment in which you were to sing to the piano, but you were first to render the particular string free to vibrate by lifting its damper. In our experiment the sodium atoms are set free by the heat. When the light from the lamp meets these atoms it increases their energy of vibration. Now it must spend its own energy in doing so. In other words, it is absorbed in going through the flame, which therefore casts the shadow upon the screen.

May I illustrate the point in another way. The broadcasting station is emitting radiations of certain definite frequencies, which indeed have to be kept very exactly within specified narrow limits, or else there is trouble. In its exactness it corresponds to the powerful sodium lamp. Your receiver corresponds to one of the sodium atoms in the flame. It draws a certain amount of energy from the broadcast waves, and the rays go on their way weakened by the loss of what you have intercepted. Of course, this fraction is extremely small, but in the case of the sodium flame there are countless numbers of interceptors. If this station emitted simultaneously a wide range of frequencies, and there were sufficient intercepting aërials connected to wireless sets all tuned alike, the broadcast radiation would be weakened in respect to the particular frequencies, while all the rest would go on with undiminished intensity. An observer on the far side of the absorbing sets might be able to discover the loss, and would know at once what had happened. He would say that between him and the broadcasting station there must be a large number of wireless sets all tuned to a particular frequency. We can carry out the corresponding experiment in the laboratory. We pass white light through a sodium flame, and using apparatus which I need not describe we find that there are gaps in the spectrum which could only have been produced by absorption by sodium atoms.

Some of you may be meeting with a difficulty which certainly was mine when I first tried to understand these matters. You may be asking why the sodium flame does not by its own emission compensate for what it absorbs. The answer is that the flame takes what was going to the screen and scatters it in all directions, so that there must be a shadow. Its own light—if it can be considered separately—is spread all over the screen.

Now we can go back to the problem of the sun and the stars. When we examine the gaps in the sun's spectrum, we find that they correspond to the frequencies of the known elements of the earth. The sun's rays must have gone, at some time on their way to us, not only through sodium but also

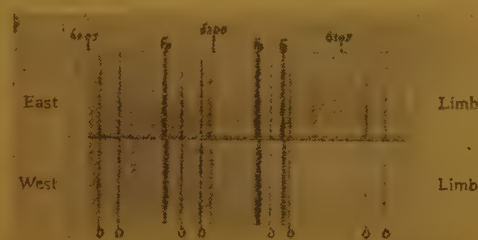
through iron, calcium, aluminium, hydrogen and many other elements. As there is certainly no iron in our own cool atmosphere, it must be contained in a heated atmosphere about the sun, and so we conclude that iron is one of the sun's constituents. So we discover the constitution of the sun, and the varied constitutions of the stars. We find they are made of the same stuff as our earth; but they differ from one another and from the sun in very many minor ways. I have not the time, however, to pursue this line of thought any further. I must refer you to the books of the astronomers, who tell us of the fascinating discoveries to which it leads.

Another remarkable series of deductions can be made by examining the light that reaches us from a star. It is found to be possible to measure the rate at which the star is approaching us or receding. One would think it would be easier in the first place to measure the rate at which the nearer stars are moving across the background of those that are further away. We can, for instance, observe the apparent side-to-side motions of the nearer stars caused by our changing point of view as the earth moves round the sun. But it is an exceedingly difficult observation to make because the amount is so small. The nearest star is so far away that its light takes four-and-a-quarter years to reach us. Viewed from that tremendous distance the orbit of the earth would appear to be of the same size as a halfpenny more than four miles away, and we do not see much difference in objects four miles away when we alter our point of view by only one inch.

On the other hand, movements of approach and recess can be measured quite easily. When accurate measurement is made of the positions of the gaps in the spectrum already referred to, whether by measuring the wavelengths of the missing portions or by other means, it is found that they vary very slightly from star to star, and often from time to time in the same star. There is an analogous effect in the case of sound which is a common experience. When a motor-car passes quickly by, all the noises made by the car drop in pitch by the same amount. The drop occurs at the moment of passing. If the car is travelling at twenty-five miles an hour, the drop is nearly a semi-tone. In just the same way when a star is rushing towards us all the 'notes' it emits are higher than when it is receding. The gaps of which we have been speaking occur at rather shorter wavelengths during approach than during recess. Even the light from one edge of the sun shows such a difference from the light sent out by the other because the sun is turning on its axis, so that one edge is coming towards us while the other is going away. And some stars show effects which vary regularly with the time because they move to and

fro while revolving about companion stars that are not hot enough to emit light.

Some of the effects we see in the light from the heavenly bodies are due to the action of our own atmosphere. I have only time to mention one. There is the twinkling



The shift of the gaps or lines due to motion

This effect, known as the Doppler effect, is illustrated by comparison of the spectra of the approaching and receding limbs of the Sun. Some of the lines are due to absorption by oxygen in the atmosphere and are not affected by the motion of the source. When the two photographs are so placed that these lines fit together, the other lines which are due to the Sun do not.

From 'The Universe of Light'

of the stars, which is best observed through a small opera glass or even in a mirror. By quick movements of glass or mirror to and fro, the light of the star is drawn out into a band which looks like a string of coloured jewels. The explanation is simple. The atmosphere is not uniform, there are regions which are hotter or colder than their surroundings. The light from the star is bent in crossing such a region, and the blue is bent more than the red. Since the earth carries the atmosphere with it in its daily motions, such regions cross the line of sight to the star and swing to one side various parts of the spectrum. Hence arise the rapid variations in intensity and colour which are the cause of the twinkling.

*The Listener's Music***C. P. E. Bach and the Sonata**

A selection from Carl Philip Emanuel Bach's pianoforte sonatas will be played by Miss Helen Perkin in the Foundations of Music, April 2-6

PUT yourself in his place' is a homely saying that may be applied to music-listening hardly less than to everyday affairs; it is especially important when the interest of the music is largely historical. Failure to adopt this commonsense principle is, in fact, responsible for a good deal of the dissatisfaction felt by listeners when the music happens to be outside their normal experience.

Next week's Foundations will provide a good example of music that demands the right method of approach. As it was written by one of Bach's sons we might expect it to sound more modern than Bach's own keyboard music: and consisting as it does of sonatas that were much admired by Haydn and Mozart (whose own sonatas were considerably influenced by them) we should naturally look for examples of the finished type of those composers and of the earlier Beethoven. In the first of these expectations we shall be disappointed, and in the second somewhat less than satisfied. There will, however, be ample compensation: we shall see the most important of musical forms in the making, and there will be no lack of charm in the music, slight in character though much of it will be.

As a necessary preliminary we take a glance at Emanuel Bach and his position in the history of music. To begin with, he was a pioneer in two respects, being regarded as the father of modern pianoforte playing and also of the sonata form. It is a commonplace of musical history that pioneers are generally drawn from the ranks of the lesser men. A number of interesting considerations arise from this fact, but I can do no more than indicate them, leaving the reader to follow them up. Pioneering in art is sometimes the refuge of those who, conscious of little creative ability, turn to experimenting as the only means of attracting notice. It may also be due to a questing type of mind, in which case the pioneer sacrifices himself, for exploration is likely to cost him something on the creative side: art being long and life short, you cannot explore bypaths and open up new ways save at the cost of your progress on the main road. Composers of the experimental type almost invariably come on the scene at the close of a great period: they see that little more is to be done in the style and forms of the era just ended. Who today would set out to write grand opera in the Wagnerian style? Or oratorio in the Elgarian? Similarly, Bach's sons, like their fellow composers, saw that John Sebastian had said the last word in almost every department. And as all the departments alike were contrapuntal in idiom, it was in this respect above all that the new generation of composers felt that a change was imperative. So we read that Emanuel Bach spoke contemptuously of the very things in which his father had excelled: he scoffed at 'learned music'; canons were 'dry and despicable pieces of pedantry that anyone might compose who would give his time to them'. (But *could* anyone but his father have written the delightful canons of which the Goldberg Variations consist?) And he held that there were 'many more essential things than counterpoint needed to make a good composer'. True enough; and Emanuel (being the son of his father) had them, in addition to being an extraordinarily gifted improviser and a prolific composer.

The future of music, then, was to be melodic and harmonic rather than contrapuntal, and as instruments were improving (the pianoforte was just beginning to be established and technique was developing) it was to be instrumental rather than vocal.

This raised the question of form. Hitherto form had been largely dictated by the exigencies of the text in vocal music, and by the dance in music for instruments. The increased tonal variety brought about by the improved instruments made it possible to compose in more extended forms than hitherto. The two forms most capable of variety were the fugue and the sonata. There was nothing more to be done with the fugue: John Sebastian had closed that path. But the sonata for keyboard solo held out possibilities, and it was to this form that Emanuel Bach devoted himself.

Let us see what the early sonata was. John Sebastian, Scarlatti, and others, had written plenty of sonatas for the pre-

cursors of the piano, but (with the exception of a few examples by Bach) they had little in common with the sonata form as Beethoven left it a century later. For example, Scarlatti's (the best known today of the early sonatas) usually consisted of a short piece in two sections, the first ending in the dominant, the second beginning in the dominant (usually with the same thematic material as the first part) and ending in the tonic. Each half was repeated, as a concession to the hearer, who was presumed to be unable to take in anything that wasn't said twice.

The fatal drawback to this form was its squareness and brevity. There was no room for the elements of surprise or variety: having heard the opening bars, you knew pretty well all the time what was coming next; and the range of keys was usually confined to tonic and dominant and their relatives. The need was for a second subject to provide contrast. But the addition of a second subject involved a further problem. With two subjects to handle, something must be done with the elements of contrast they set up in key and mood. Hence the need for a section in which they could be developed and used in fresh keys. This section ended, the further problem arose of working back to the key with which the movement opened, in order to round it off with an effect of finality.

Any average student of composition today can solve such difficulties with ease; but Emanuel Bach took a long time. Of his two hundred works for piano about ninety are sonatas, but it was only in his mature examples that the sonata form is perfected. By that time, Haydn and Mozart, helped by his early experiments, were doing the job rather better than Emanuel himself. That is the usual fate of a pioneer: the big men come along and profit by his experiments; his subsequent work is then apt to be overshadowed, and his importance in history is chiefly that of explorer.

It is unfortunate that Emanuel Bach's pianoforte music is not easily get-at-able. A few detached movements are reprinted in albums, but his complete works are to be found only in obscure German editions. All that the student and keen listener to these sonatas can do is to observe that (1) although the two-section form of Scarlatti is still retained in most movements, there is a good deal of freedom within the sections; (2) this freedom lies in the use of episodic matter, scale and arpeggio passage work, and (less frequently) in unexpected key transitions, rather than in regular easily-identifiable second subjects; (only in two or three movements is there a clearly-defined second subject, introduced in the dominant and recapitulated in the tonic in the manner that subsequently became traditional); (3) there are sometimes anticipations of modern usage in the running of the first movement into the second; (4) Beethoven's use in his sonatas of unrelated keys for consecutive movements was regarded as bold, but Emanuel Bach led the way by choosing G minor for the slow movement of his B minor sonata (played on Tuesday); and in the G major sonata (Thursday) the slow movement is in F sharp minor. Such violent transitions evidently appealed to the composer, for they occur fairly often in the course of a movement. I mention a very striking one that is much used by modern composers. In the *Allegro di molto* of the Sonata in G (Wednesday) a full close in E minor is followed by a new theme in C minor.

This experimenting son of John Sebastian is, in fact, an extremely interesting composer. His lot was cast in a period when music had to make a fresh start; the pianoforte was still a much-discussed novelty, inviting to all sorts of new adventures in the way of ornamentation; dynamic contrast, and extensions of form: the horizontal (contrapuntal) aspect of music was being superseded by the vertical (harmonic), a change that led to less interesting results, temporarily, but without which there could have been no Beethoven as we know him. Without Beethoven, where would music have got to? The listener who bears these facts in mind, putting himself in Emanuel's place, so to speak, will see in next week's Foundations an attractive episode in the history of music.

HARVEY GRACE

Art

The Modern Æsthete

MR. CLIVE BELL is a perfect specimen of the æsthete. He is quite conscious of the fact, and quite prepared to defend himself. His new book*, in fact, is nothing but an apology for the æsthetic attitude in life. It is a personal document; it is called *Enjoying Pictures*, but it does not tell us how to enjoy pictures, nor yet why pictures are enjoyed. It merely tells us with what enthusiasm Mr. Bell enjoys pictures. It is thus representative of a popular type of appreciative writing, applied to books and music as well as to pictures. The only objection to such writing is that it often claims to be criticism; and with its impudent but disengaging

air, gets away with the swag. But criticism properly speaking is a more arduous activity; and, since it demands more energy and concentration, it is popularly supposed to be dull.

'*Eriger en lois ses impressions personnelles, c'est le grand effort d'un homme s'il est sincère*'—that is the best definition of criticism that I know, and it is one that has often been quoted. But the only kind of sincerity recognised by Mr. Bell is an emotional one; he dislikes laws of any kind, and does not see the necessity of applying any mental effort to the data of his sensations. That is the business of 'the cultivated person', a very inferior being, a being who connects art with life and other odd things. Mr. Bell prefers to remain within the exciting

world of his own impressions, whatever their inconsequence, their variability, their incommensurability. As he stands before one picture, a portrait-group by Romney in the National Gallery, he feels 'as cold and lonely as a stuffed fish'. 'It is as though I had a cold in the head. Clearly I am not in the right mood. Either there is no pure æsthetic quality here, or not enough to thaw my apprehension to that malleable state in which it takes impressions'. He passes on, and before another picture, the 'Baptism' by Zaganelli, he becomes another kind of fish, a torpedo or a cat-fish or an electric eel. In fact, the habits of the last-named fish, as described by Humboldt, bear a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Bell's experiences in a picture gallery. These fish, Humboldt tells us, are eaten by the Indians, who, before attempting to capture them, seek to exhaust their electrical power by driving horses into the ponds. By repeated discharges upon these they gradually expend this marvellous force; after which, being defenceless, they become timid, and approach the edge for shelter, when they fall an easy prey to the harpoon. It is only after long rest and abundance of food that the fish is able to resume the use of its subtle weapon.

Fortunately for Mr. Bell, the Philistines have different delicacies. Unmolested but hungry, he can make his way to Boulestin's and there regenerate his peculiar forces. Art must not become the subject of thought, but it must be taken seriously. Of the three things that make life worth living—art, love and philosophy—it is all that is left to Mr. Bell. Of love he is disillusioned, and of philosophy he is complacently incapable. Art remains, 'and if art cannot prevail against a disordered or an empty stomach, at least it has the power to raise one above the minor miseries of life, domestic vexations, over-drafts, small jealousies and crosses, and defective water-pipes'.

'Those who take art seriously are those who find in art an escape from life. No wonder they take it seriously. By means of a thrill sensational almost in its impact—have you never jumped out of your chair and walked about the room on reading some particularly fine passage of poetry?—they are carried out of themselves, out of this world, into the world of the spirit'.

I would not like to imply that I am altogether out of sympathy with Mr. Bell. In his great fight against the Philistines, I hope I am by his side. With most of his particular judgments I agree. It is only his pretensions that seem to me to be false. To take art seriously and therefore to find in art an escape from life—that is the



The Baptism, by Zaganelli

National Gallery

æsthetic attitude, and an attitude which leads finally to the complete ugliness of life. 'Æsthete, on my definition', writes Mr. Bell, 'are people for whom the world of art is outside common life and above it'. As such, the æsthete is a by-product of decadence; he shines in the twilight of true culture. For what I mean by true culture implies a state of affairs in which the artist is only distinguished from his fellows by his function. His function is naturally determined by his capabilities, and since his function is to give form to some kind of material, his capabilities will be determined by the acuteness of his sensibility. But his function is essentially a social function, and the artist is *biologically* a unit in the social structure. I am quite prepared to admit that some people are blind to the visual experiences on which the experience of art depends, just as some are deaf to the tones on which the appreciation of music depends, others are insensible to the magic of poetry. But far from isolating the artist from life, such a fact seems to me to bind him more strictly to life. For it becomes his function to do for others what they cannot do for themselves. Mr. Bell once invented a phrase which became a catchword—art, he said, was significant

* *Enjoying Pictures*. By Clive Bell. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

form. He has now withdrawn the phrase, and has at the same time undermined his whole position. Discussing Raphael's Sistine Madonna he says: 'There is something which is not, as I formerly supposed, purely a matter of lines and colours . . . there is a human relationship between mother and child'. Admittedly it is something which can be expressed in line and colour alone. But surely it is also something which has not a little to do with 'common life'.

Art, we may conclude, cannot be isolated. It is part of our

common humanity, and part of our general mode of being. It is a function of society as well as of the individual, and criticism, to be of any value, should be more than a seismographic record of personal thrills and tremors. It should be the relation of individual acts to social values. But naturally the critic must know what he is talking about, and if only Mr. Bell could overcome his antipathy for what he calls 'thought', he would make an ideal critic.

HERBERT READ

Gliding Fifty-Five Miles

By P. A. WILLS

Broadcast after the News Bulletin on March 19, the day following Mr. Wills' breaking of the distance record for gliding, and the height record subject to official confirmation

YESTERDAY was a great day for British motorless flight: three members of the London Gliding Club took off from Dunstable Downs, and at half-past one the distance record of 19½ miles, established by Mr. Eric Collins last summer, was broken by Humphries, who landed near Hertford 20 miles away in a Wren sailplane; at a quarter past three it was further smashed by Mr. Collins, who landed near Chelmsford, in Essex, a distance of 45 miles, which he had done in a two-seater machine carrying a passenger—a most remarkable performance, considering that weight is the whole thing; and at a quarter to four it was finally bust by my landing in a Professor machine at Latchington in Essex, 55 miles away. In addition, my barograph shows that I reached a height of nearly 4,900 feet, and if this is officially confirmed this easily breaks the previous height record of 1,750 feet.

My wife and I arrived at the Club rather late on Sunday morning and found the two-seater and the Wren already in the air. Conditions looked good, being that kind of unstable, thundery spring weather which is favourable for vertical currents, so we feverishly dragged the Club Professor out of the hangar, put on the wings, and rushed it to the top of the hill. As we got to the top we saw the other two machines, high up and far away, circling under a big 'street' of clouds which had just passed over us. I rushed into the machine, strapped myself in, and the launching-crew came over with the rubber rope. The way of launching is to hook the middle of a rubber rope on to a hook in the nose of the sailplane, then someone holds the tail and three men aside seize the ends of the rope and run. When it has stretched a good deal the man on the tail lets go and the machine catapults off. Now, if you stand on the top of a hill with the wind blowing up it, and let go of your handkerchief, you can easily see that the wind coming up the hill will blow it up above your head. So if you take off in a light motorless machine from the top of such a hill, you can then climb in this upcurrent, and soar up and down the ridge of hills causing it. On exceptionally good days such as yesterday, when there are also great patches of rising air caused by storms, you can soar up and along the hill until you are picked up by a patch of 'storm' or 'cloud' lift, and then go off with that. Anyway, at a quarter past one yesterday I was duly launched, and for about half-an-hour I soared up and down the ridge of hills by Whipsnade Zoo, climbing on the upcurrent blowing up the hill to about 800 feet. Then I saw coming at me on the horizon a perfect line of clouds, led by a storm of rain and hail. About a mile in front of this I hit the tremendous uprush of air, caused by the rebound of the air carried down by the hail. I started circling, in order to keep within the uprising pillar of air, and watched my barograph climb steadily, past the previous record mark of 1,750 feet, up to over 3,000 feet. Circling steadily, I was carried along at about 25 miles per hour, by the wind, about a mile in front of the hailstorm, for about 15 or 20 miles, and then I stupidly let it catch me up and my circles took me right into it.

The cockpit of the Professor is an open one in front of the wing and so pretty exposed. In my haste I had gone off without a map, or hat, or gloves, and in addition, the hail got on to my spectacles and blinded me, so I had to turn out of the storm and came out to one side of it in bright sunshine. I found myself over a town that I have since identified as Welwyn, and as I was gradually losing height I picked out a good field and circled round it for a landing; but at 1,500 feet I suddenly felt a terrific upward surge again and in about five minutes' circling was up to my greatest height, about 4,900 feet. I soon came in sight of North Weald Aerodrome, where I lost my lift again; however, I thought that a perfect landing place, and so for about a quarter of an hour wandered round it, until I was down to 2,000 feet, but without seeing any sign of life. Then a third storm picked me up to 3,500 feet again, and again I went off east. After about ten minutes I saw behind me a brace of Moths, coming from London, and thought, maybe, they would see me. However, they kept straight ahead, and passed right under me, 2,000 feet below. I could clearly hear their engines as they vanished ahead, leaving me behind and above them with a pretty superior sort of feeling. Almost everyone has watched gulls circling up and down along the top of the cliffs, with motionless wings outstretched silently for hours and hours, and most people have probably thought how ripping it must feel. It does! The gliding movement is made up of people who have had that wish particularly fiercely—and have found out how to do it. The sensation of effortless, silent flight is quite incredible.

After that I went on until I saw the North Sea ahead, and two rivers to right and left of me. It was clearly hopeless to go on, because ahead of me were five miles of pretty deserted-looking country and then the sea, so I circled down over the last sign of houses I could see, and landed at a quarter to four. Five minutes later I was on the 'phone and ten more and my wife was talking to me from Hatfield, where she had chased me in our baby car, and finally lost me.

Then back to the field, where I found the village assembled, and promptly put them all to work dismantling the machine. Then we set off, a wonderful procession, for a shed belonging to the local pub, which I had found. First came myself and two men, carrying the fuselage, then a collection of boys and girls, carrying the rudder and elevators, then a couple of men with one wing, a man and a woman with the centre section, two stout-hearted girls with another wing, and the procession brought up in the rear by two diminutive children carrying the wing struts. We straggled in a long column out of the field and along the road to the pub, stowed the bits carefully in the shed, and then thankfully repaired to the bar. Finally, with my precious barograph under my arm, I came home in a state of huge elation and the slowest train it has ever been my misfortune to accompany.

We regret that the price of *Hartrampf's Vocabularies* (Psychology Publishing Co., Manchester), noticed on page 473 of our last issue, was incorrectly given; it should be 27s. 6d., instead of 7s. 6d. as stated.

FROM THE BROADCAST PULPIT

A Selection from Religious Addresses Recently Given at the Microphone



The Agony in the Garden, by El Greco

National Gallery

The Conquest of Fear

By His Grace THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Broadcast from Canterbury Cathedral on December 31, 1933

THE year 1933 is going. Let it go. In the life of the nations it has been a year of disappointment. It began with high hopes that a World Economic Conference would unite all nations in working together for the world's recovery. A Disarmament Conference was to unite them in reducing armaments to secure the world's peace. Both conferences have been at the best suspended. Over the light of hope there has risen like a dark mist the spirit of fear. Of a large part of Europe the old words might be written now—'men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things that are coming on the earth'. But where fear dwells no good thing can be wrought. The first step towards recovery, security, and peace must be the conquest of fear. The conquest must be won in the field of the common heart and conscience of men. Therefore in the resolve to win it each citizen has his part to play.

First, in his thoughts and, above all, in his talk he can refuse to spread the spirit of fear. For it is an infectious disease, spread by the common talk of men. He who at this present critical time chatters idly about 'the next war' and excitedly demands immediate preparation for it, is a germ of infection.

To talk of war as inevitable may help to make it inevitable; for this is to spread the fear out of which war is born. Talk of this kind is surely treachery to the cause of peace. Let us each one refuse to indulge in it.

Second, we can each resolve to stand by the one existing public barrier against fear and the lawless forces which fear arouses. I mean, of course, the League of Nations. Its value is being questioned, its authority is being menaced by the defection of some of the nations. For this very reason the friends of peace everywhere must rally round it. This will be the test between lip service and loyalty. Like all institutions, the League has made mistakes and is capable of reform. Constructive criticism may bring help: destructive criticism can only bring a widespread peril. Assuredly if the authority of the League were weakened, still more if it were itself dissolved, fear would reign unchecked. Europe would once again be divided into rival alliances piling up armaments against each other. Once again, as in 1914, there would be no being in power to prevent or even to delay the clash of arms. If the clash came, would not the collapse of all we mean by civilisation come with it? And remember, the real strength of the League

lies in the public opinion of the nations who are its members. Everyone has some place in forming the public opinion of this country. Let every citizen, and especially every Christian citizen, carry into the New Year, which may be fateful for the world, the resolve to do his utmost to strengthen our own Government in making faith in the League, support of the League, action through the League, the basis of our national policy. So shall we each in his measure take some place in the conquest of fear.

But the strongest power in conquering fear is another and a noble fear—what the Bible calls the Fear of God. That means a reverent recollection of God as a living Reality and of His will for men. It is the faith that behind all confusions and perplexities God reigns. It is the faith that in the end right is might. It is the faith that to follow the Will of God if we know it is of all the policies the most practical, because it is the one closest to Supreme Reality. To the Christian that Will of God is known. It has been made known in the teaching, the example, the spirit of Jesus Christ. We have been listening to the Christmas Bells, some of us to the very Bells of Bethlehem, sounding the Christmas message that peace is God's gift to men of goodwill. The very word *goodwill* implies that peace is a matter not of desire and aspiration only, but of will. And this *will* of good is made strong and steadfast if it knows that it is in accord with the Sovereign Will of God. If the will of good thus fortified by the Fear of God were everywhere set on trying to understand other nations, on seeking their good as well as our own, on bringing all of them together to work for the good of all, then the world would be set free from the bondage of fear. The Fear of God—the faith that God reigns—is ever saying to them that are of a fearful heart 'Be strong. Fear not. Behold your God'.

Turn next to our own dear land. Here, thank God, the light is breaking through the clouds of the last three years; quietly, but so steadily that we have good reason to believe that it will spread.

And yet, we dare not forget that still in multitudes of homes there is a haunting fear—fear sometimes that work may be lost, fear more often that it may never be found. But even to them it is now no mere irony to speak of a hope which can lift the pressure of fear, for the tide of recovery once it has turned will advance and slowly perhaps but surely reach them. Meanwhile it must be the duty, the privilege, of all of us, their fellow-citizens, to help them to conquer their fear. We can maintain and develop the centres where the workless may keep mind and body active and so arrest the sense of helplessness which paralyses the spirit of hope. These centres show the stirring of a sense, I think unprecedented, of neighbourliness and brotherhood in the whole community. Let it grow. Statesmen and leaders of industry must set their minds to think out plans for the revival of trade. The light of this new neighbourly sense will keep the ideal clear that the revival, when it comes, shall mean not the profit of a few but the wealth of all. Meanwhile its warmth will check the chill of fear.

Let me speak for a moment of another need of our people, scarcely less urgent than the need of work. It is the need of housing. Here there has been a real awakening of the public conscience, which is itself one of the most encouraging signs of the times. Contrast it with that sloth of conscience which in the last century with the seeds of industrial prosperity allowed the tares of the slums to be sown. The Government has undertaken great schemes of housing. But even they are incomplete. Let all true-hearted citizens make it another resolve for the New Year that they will suffer no hesitations or vested interests to delay the coming of the time when it will be no longer a mockery to speak of the houses of our people as homes.

Such thoughts and desires lead us again to the Fear of God—the reverent remembrance of His Rule. For we cannot doubt that every endeavour to show in act that we love our neighbours as ourselves, that we measure all progress in terms of the worth of each single human personality—his claim to a just wage, to a decent home, to an open chance of education—we cannot doubt, I say, that every such endeavour has behind it the Will of God. It is this conviction, this remembrance of God's Rule, that makes the long endeavour worth while and fortifies it by the assurance that it is right. If we set ourselves next year and every year to seek this Rule, this Kingdom of God, the day will draw nearer when want and fear shall no longer darken the land.

I have been speaking to you as citizens, but I do not forget that you are also individual men and women, each with your own personal life, with your own joys and sorrows, memories and desires, with your own love and care for those who are dearest to you. Each of you to whom I speak is a separate spirit making alone a journey wherein there is no return to what lies behind and no knowledge of what lies before. The beginning of a new year marks another milestone in that solitary journey. It may be, it would be very natural if so it were, that as you approach it you should feel some touch of fear. Well, you can neither know nor choose what the new year is to bring to you. But you can know and choose the spirit with which you will meet whatever may be awaiting you. The spirit of anxiety and apprehension will not help. Summon rather the spirit of fortitude and faith. And here once more comes the thought of that Fear of God—that reverent and trustful remembrance of Him which can banish all other fears. You remember the words of the familiar hymn, 'Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then have nothing else to fear'. There is indeed no place for terror in the true Fear of God. In that region of the inner spirit where we are farthest from all others He is near. If there we remember Him and cleave to Him, He will give strength sufficient to meet whatever the unknown future may have in store. In that strength we can conquer fear. May I dare to hope that He will now use my voice to say to each of you who is willing to listen to Him—'Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea I will help thee; yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness'.

Our Greatness in the Sight of God

By the Rev. Dr. J. P. ARENDZEN

Broadcast on December 24, 1933

ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT more than at other times there comes to us a sense of mystery, the mystery of our own greatness in the sight of God. Often enough do our fellow-men endeavour to bring home to us of what little value we are, often enough the sense of our own frailty and powerlessness brings home the same sad lesson, but when we kneel at the Crib on Christmas night, the revelation of our own greatness dawns upon us. Adoring the Infinite God wrapt in swaddling clothes we dare say to Him: 'I am worth something at least to You, and You know the value of all things since they are all equally the work of Your hands. This race of men having been spoiled by sin; You might have flung it away and created another, more faithful and true than us; instead of that You came from heaven and became one of ourselves in this vale of tears to rescue us from final doom. We wonder, we adore, and we are grateful, that Your infinite greatness should have become little for our sakes'.

The sight of the Crib, moreover, fills us with humility, for we know the purpose of the Incarnation. God became man that as man He might undo man's sin. Man sins and is forever busy trying to belittle sin, till at last he would almost portray it as an amiable frailty, a trifling weakness, a pardonable foible, barely needing forgiveness and easily undone. Christmas shows that God thought differently of human sin. God might with a facile gesture, a mere nod and a smile so to say, have forgiven all the sins of mankind and dismissed us like a group of naughty children, whose offence causes as much amusement as annoyance. God took our sins more seriously. He decided to be man, that as man He might satisfy for us in human sorrow the needs of the infinite holiness of God. He wished to be born in poverty and to begin the road to Calvary from the day of His birth; that we might understand that the greatness of sin can only be matched by the sufferings of God. If our sins were to be forgiven, the way of pardon

that beseemed the Godhead was to become man and as man suffer in our stead. Therefore we worship Him Who was laid in the manger, as the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world, and in deepest humility acknowledge the greatness of our sins. But for Christ's coming we might truthfully have said what Cain said of himself: my iniquity is too great to bear! The Babe of Bethlehem Who reveals to us the greatness of sin, only reveals it that He may bring forgiveness and bear for us the penalty in innocent suffering. The proudest man must bend his head on entering the cave of Bethlehem, for the infant cries of the Virgin's Child will tell him of the greatness of sin that brought so great a humiliation to the Son of God. Where God humbles Himself for our sakes, who dares to raise his head in pride, who does not prostrate himself before the Babe that has come to pay the price of our salvation and to buy forgiveness of our sins?

But on Christmas night our acts of humility are succeeded by acts of human love in response to the infinite love of God. God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son. It is true all creation proclaims the love of God, God only creates because He loves. He cannot create to benefit Himself, for He stands in need of nothing. We creatures could have understood God's love from the very fact that He made us. But we are obtuse and dull and slow, and sin has made us more so; hence we needed something to convince us that God's love to us is a reality, in fact the supreme reality of which our feeble human love is but the faint offshadowing here on earth. Lovers are ingenious in their endeavour to manifest the love that burns within them. God was divinely ingenious when He deigned to be born of us in Bethlehem. For God in the Crib and God on the Cross brought more response from man to God than all the other works of God. How could a believer not be moved to passionate love in return for God's love on Christmas night. It is not as if in His human heart God could love us more than He already did and ever does in His divine mercy, but we human beings need human ways to bring divine things home to us. God, Who knows the clay of which we are made, wished to draw us unto Himself

with the cords of Adam. The infinite God on Christmas night stretched out His human baby arms to beg for the love of men, and on that night the love of His Virgin Mother and St. Joseph and the Shepherds was the first beginning of the response of mankind. We are living more than nineteen centuries later and happily the stream of those who have come to pay adoring love to God Incarnate has never ceased. This evening we are preparing the homage of our own affection towards the Babe of Bethlehem as sixty generations of Catholics before us have done and as unnumbered generations in the future will do, until He, Who was once born in poverty, will return in glory upon the clouds of heaven. We wish to share in the faith of the Virgin Mother who had heard from the Angel that she would conceive and bear a Son and He should be called the Son of the Most High. We wish to share in the fidelity of Joseph who once had trembled at the greatness of the mystery, but who has trusted in the message from God. We wish to share in the simplicity of the Shepherds, who, on hearing of the good tidings of great joy of what happened in the City of David, were not dismayed when they were told to seek Him in a stable and in a manger where the kine of the field find their food. We wish to share with all Thy faithful children who ever since the first Christmas, 1933 years ago, have in humble faith remembered Thy nativity and have loved Thee, Jesus, Our God and only Saviour, and Mary, the Mother who bore Thee. We join with all the myriads of simple souls who throughout the world this very night honour and praise Thy blessed Name and confess that Thou, Babe of Bethlehem, art God-made-man, God of God, Light of Light, true God of true God, the Only-begotten Son of Thy Father and consubstantial with Him, by Whom all things were made. We confess with them that Thy coming is good news to us and tidings of great joy, for Thou camest down for us and for our salvation. Give us to live and to die in that faith, that on Thy second coming in glory, we may sing with all the hosts of heaven: Glory to God in the highest and peace to all men, who have been of good will.



The congregation in St. Paul's Cathedral seen through the glass dome
From Professor L. Moholy-Nagy's *'Malerei, Photographie, Film'* (Albert Langen Verlag). Photograph: Zeitbilder.

Courage is not Enough

By the Rev. JOHN BEVAN

Broadcast from the Congregational Church, Balham, on January 7

ISN'T IT AMAZING how keen people are to keep on living? We have finished one year, and are quite ready to start another one, full of hope; to start on what is, after all, a kind of circular journey. We have done it many times before, and though we know quite well where the troubles are and where to expect the snags, we don't mind. It is very wonderful that people are willing to accept life on any terms practically, no matter how ill and handicapped they are. It is one of life's miracles that the most handicapped people seem to be the pluckiest and most cheerful.

But when all has been said and done in favour of any natural courage we possess, I ask you—is courage enough? Here and there there may be a person with such an enviable steadiness of will that he is able to do what he should do, but most assuredly that is not the case with the majority of us. We must confess that during the last year our courage often failed pretty badly. Our character did break down. The natural kindliness of our soul often turned to bitterness. We lost our honesty and our honour became but a name. With all our vaunted strength and sense of courage and confidence we did fall into temptation, because we were afraid of ill-health, bad luck, and loss of prosperity and prestige.

There are many people in this country who don't go to church as a general practice, but who believe in God, in the sense that He is the centre of things, but not in the sense that makes much difference to them in their daily lives. Only one in ten goes to church. It looks as though there is something about Life itself that teaches people to be good. I don't think that the teaching of people to be good is the prerogative of the churches. How is it possible to live a good life without God? Shall I tell you? You and I manage to live without Him because our fathers and mothers couldn't. That is the solid truth. We have been born and reared in a country, the traditions of which have been soaked for centuries by the spirit of Jesus. For fifteen hundred years, every day, people have said their prayers to God and tried to follow Jesus. It is a sheer impossibility for this to have been going on for fifteen centuries and then for the country to be as though it had not. You draw your nurture from the soil of the land where God has been honoured through the centuries. That is why it is you can manage your life without any conscious devotion to Jesus. You do it because of what you are getting out of your environment—what you breathe in with the English air, what you get from the very soil of the country. It would be a very different thing if you had had to live the good life where there has not been the Christian tradition and environment.

I wish you could feel how called upon you are to make some acknowledgment of the past. You are living on inherited faith. The past has overflowed into the present, to your benefit. It

is only decent that you should make some acknowledgment of that. You have received a great inheritance and it is up to you, in return, to do what you can to augment it. Mr. John Buchan, a writer whom we are all glad to read, said some time ago (I think at a Speech Day of the Leys School) that a gentleman has been defined as a man who refuses to take out of life more than he puts into it. Are you taking more out of England than you are putting into it? You remember that striking expression of Sir Josiah Stamp: 'The only way we have of discharging our indebtedness to the past is by putting the future in debt to ourselves'. They say that one present-day condition that is telling against good health is that the supply of iodine in the soil is decreasing. What a tragedy it would be if the spirit of Jesus were to disappear, so to speak, from the soil of England! You yourself may be able to manage, but what about your children? If you pass on to them courage only, it is conceivable that in the future the very vocabulary of the Faith will be a forgotten thing and the children of England be pagan.

Courage is not enough. We want faith as well. What earthly good is it to talk about courage to a man who is absolutely down and out? He wants something else. The fact is we need more than courage: we need help from God. We need an inner reinforcement. And this is my conviction, that if there is one thing for which our religion stands, it is that there comes into human life from God an added impulse, an inner help, a reinforcement of a man's flagging moral and spiritual resources. To me, this is religion's one great miracle.

If religion does not mean that the human soul in all its need can make contact with God, so that God's power can come flooding in to reinforce the will, then we might just as well be without it. If our religion is merely a code, a nominal thing to profess, and not inner guidance, increasing insight into what is good and the power to live it out, then we have got hold of the wrong end of the stick.

By prayer and other conscious effort we can make contact with God, and by that contact the human spirit is reinforced. I put that before you, not as a figment of the religious imagination but as an actual cold-blooded fact. We worship God. We believe in God as a God of love. All right. Then if He is a God of love and we are His children, then surely to goodness He would want to communicate with us. Anyhow, He wouldn't be much of a God if He didn't. We experience God as an ennobling influence, an impulse for goodness, a desire after what is unselfish and helpful to others.

The best thing we can do tonight as an equipment for the New Year is to strive for the Divine reinforcement: to surrender ourselves to God who is the source of all that is good, so that His spirit of lovingkindness may be the impulse of our own lives and through us reach the lives of others.

Tell Me, What's England Like?

By the Rev. P. T. B. CLAYTON

Broadcast from All Hallows, Lombard Street, on January 21

I'VE JUST GOT HOME to Tower Hill from Malta in a P. & O., the *Ranchi*, after being away a month, trying to help Toc H in the Three Services: a privilege far, far beyond a sermon.

You have no reason to regret the manner in which your men discharge their distant duties. None are more welcome than the King's own servants, not only by our race, but everywhere they go by neighbour-nations. They do not menace peace: they guarantee it. They are an instrument of understanding. While we were at Malta, the *Glorious* put to sea, lined with young Maltese Scouts—three hundred of them. Her decks rehearsed the birth of a new racial concord. The peace of Europe rests, beneath God's hand, mainly upon Great Britain. She at least has no other aim than to preserve it. Pray for that peace. Pray also for the men who are its guardians: for they are your people who stand on the other side of many seas.

What question do they ask of men fresh out from home?

One is incessant and ubiquitous. They ponder the reply with deep and true concern. 'Tell us, what's England* like? How are things at home? Are they a little better than they were?' So they all ask. You may indeed forget them, but they do not forget your troubles here.

It was the same in far-off days in Flanders. Turn out a drawer tonight, locked long ago. There is a bundle somewhere of old letters, a few it may be still in green envelopes, the rest with 'O.A.S.', instead of stamps. Smooth them. Re-read them. If your eyes are dim, let the young read those precious pencil scraps. They are from vanished hands. What do they say? Not much about their troubles, kindly note. But—as we knew in Talbot House in Poperinghe—the way most letters ran was in this style and strain:

What is England like? Are things improving? How is everyone? How's the old dog? How is the next-door neighbour? How's the old parson? Are his sermons shorter? The churches, are they

*Scotsmen wrote in objecting in strong measure to this generic use of 'England', which is, however, sanctioned by the dictionary

fuller than they were? Are people sticking to it, learning to pull together? Are they less selfish, snobbish, little-minded? I hope you're in the pink, as this leaves me.

Your loving,

B. E. F.

P.S.—Tell me, what's England like?

Tonight I bring that question home to England. All Hallows has stood here on guard for Christ for thirteen centuries; these grey walls are not unused to clouds of unseen witnesses. Here upon Tower Hill is an old workshop of the Carpenter. Remember Jesus is a Carpenter. So He began. He hasn't changed His trade. He worked at it from boyhood up to thirty, making and mending cottage doors and windows, trestles, and tables, tools for poor farm-hands. They were poor folk. They could not give proud orders. Often they'd say: 'Mend this, young Carpenter. It's worn out, broken, make it strong somehow. It's an old friend. I can't afford new tools, you know that, Jesus'. Then they would wait and watch the Carpenter at work, for skilful carpenters can listen while they're working. Young as He was, this Carpenter was wise. Soon there were extra matters He was mending. A broken home, a man's lost faith, a fractured friendship somewhere in the village. Some minds are wooden, and some wills are cross-grained; but He was used to faults in cheap material. He was and is a Craftsman down the ages.

Tonight we throng His workshop on Tower Hill. There stands His bench where He mends men and cities, giving them courage, strength, a Cause to serve. An altar is not just a Holy Table. It is His bench, where He mends characters.

In the old Upper Room of Talbot House there stands unto this day the very bench whence Christ in Flanders rebuilt souls of men. So we are come. What shall we ask tonight? What is our fiercest need, our deepest prayer, our highest hope, our dreariest despair? What do we most want mended?—Character. 'Tell Him, what's England like?' Dare you confess the truth? Your character is weakening Christian England. Is your home happy? Does that need Christ's mending? What of your neighbour? That's a solemn word; for, in His eyes, neighbours are not your social set inviting and invited to and fro, but everyone you meet at any time. Can you help Christ to mend their miseries—three in a room, or worse, in Christian England! Had you been born there, what would you have been? Would you have been so placid in your pride? The people who stand overseas look homeward. Your home is also theirs. They look to you. England is not officially a Holy Place of pious pilgrimage. No faith exalts it as the road to Heaven. But more than Mecca, more now than Jerusalem, England is loved; and England must be clean, worthy of those who look to her with longing, standing upon the other side of many sounding seas.

Jesus must walk within the midst of home. Jesus, immortal Carpenter, repair the character, the worth, the energies of this old race, now needing, ready, eager to be mended. Restore church life, renew home life among us. Hasten the spring within; O Lord, the soul of England. What Jesus imparts to those who seek Him, is not a clue to God, but God Himself. By bringing home to man the Father's care, He brings men home to God. So may it be. He flings Heaven open by His sacrifice, with welcome, welcome, welcome.

Sameness in the Midst of Change

By the Very Rev. THE DEAN OF DURHAM

Broadcast from Durham Cathedral on February 25

I HOPE THAT SOME DAY one of our imaginative historians will give us a book called *From Stonehenge to Daventry*, tracing our national history from the days of the stone circle on the Wiltshire Downs to that other cluster with which some of us are more familiar. It is hard to see any likeness between the Druids who stood round that early altar and their descendants who sit in Broadcasting House; and it is almost as difficult to feel the kinship between those wonderful Normans who built this wonderful church so many centuries ago and those who worship here today. 'They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only', as Froude goes on to say, 'among the aisles of our cathedrals, only as we gaze up on their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of church bells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world'.

That is well and truly said, and almost equally remote are the controversies which have vexed an historic church like this, when men raged against the marble altar created to please that Popish Archbishop Laud, or destroyed the glass in the windows because it contained pictures of the saints, or denounced the organ as an invention of the devil.

That is all true and the difference is very clear, and yet if we look for sameness that is clear also. The Normans who built these great churches did so because they knew, as we know, that it is very easy to forget God, and they wished to give their testimony, clear and grand for all the world to see, that to remember our Creator, not only in the days of our youth, is the first duty of man.

It may be that they thought of Him in ways which we should think strange and un-Christian: but at least they worshipped Him as their Master, they knew that at Bethlehem He had visited His people: that His son had died on Good Friday for their sakes, and at Easter they shared, as we do, in His triumph over death. There is a very real unity which links us in fellowship with all who have loved and served Him here and are at rest.

But there is another fellowship which I could ask you to remember, and that is our fellowship with all those who, at this present time, whether at home or abroad, are trying to serve their Master's cause—trying, in Bishop King's great

phrase, to prove in their own lives that the Gospel of Christ is true. Yesterday we celebrated St. Matthias' Day, and I like to think of him as the patron saint of all those who never get much credit for their work, the rank and file of the Christian army who win its battles for it, just as truly as in every war it is the common soldier and the common sailor who get no titles or rewards, but yet are the people upon whom, in the last resort, the future of the day depends.

Consider how well-suited St. Matthias is for such a position. All that we know of him is that he had been in our Lord's company, and you can guess how much that meant—and that he was chosen by lot to fill the place of Judas. After that he relapses into complete obscurity: some people say that he preached to cannibal Ethiopians, but I much prefer the other story, which is that he lived and died in Jerusalem, preaching to his own people, never getting any particular credit, and never winning any spectacular success. Isn't he the obvious patron saint of all the labouring parsons in town and country, who have never had anyone to tell them how well they have preached (possibly because they didn't deserve it) and have never seen any obvious result of their labours?

I want to commend them to your thoughts, because I never think that English people are quite grateful enough for the unselfish lives and devoted work of most of their parochial clergy. As I have never been one of them, I feel it right to remind you how much we owe to them. They are not always eloquent—and we are too ready to judge them by their words; they may not always be interesting: but there is a vast number of parishes in England where the parson and his family are the only people who can be trusted to do their best to help their neighbours, however inadequate this help may be. They get no public credit, for the Press, naturally but regrettably, confines its attention in the main to the occasional heresies of Bishops and the occasional scandals in the lives of the inferior clergy: but it is these people, whose names are unknown beyond the covers of their Parish Magazine, who are producing the best of Christian evidence and fighting for us a battle which should be ours.

But it is by no means only of the clergy that I want you to think. I want you to remember that, as the Archbishop of York has said, 'when you ask who are doing the day-to-day drudgery of social service or the promotion of social causes, you will find that the great majority of them are convinced

Christians and loyal members of a definite congregation'. I want you to be proud of these unknown friends of yours and to feel your unity with them. Or again, I should like you to remember those unknown missionaries who are carrying on the work first begun, so far as the Protestant churches are concerned, little more than a century ago. You do not know those people whose lives and actions, whether in church or hospital, have made and are making the name of Christ honoured in continents where it had been hardly heard: but I do want you to feel proud of your fellowship with men and women who have won thousands to the allegiance of our faith, and won them, in Bishop Andrew's great phrase, 'without might or rhetoric or compulsion', but by the simple teaching of a Christ-like life. They are true disciples of St. Matthias: they may be 'unlearned and ignorant men', but those who see them in their daily life 'take knowledge of them that they have been with Jesus'.

Please do not think that I am disparaging the glory of the greater saints: I am only asking you to remember that even the

greatest of them—men like St. Francis—depend for their success on the loyal following of the rank and file, and I want you to give thanks for all loyal followers and to take strength and courage from their example. They are the blessed company of all faithful people, whose ranks we can join if we will. Their names are written in no calendars of saints: their successes, if they won any, are recorded on no rolls of honour: their bodies lie in unknown graves and their services are soon forgotten. But, unless the faith which built this Cathedral is but a dream: unless the life of man on earth is but a riddle without an answer, these men and women have chosen the better part. They have dared to believe Christ's saying that it is better to give than to receive, and to act on their belief: and they have their reward, for their names, forgotten and un-honoured among men, are yet recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life. And we Christians know, though we do not always act upon our knowledge, that 'the world passeth away and the desires of the world: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever'.

The Place of Personal Religion

By Canon F. R. BARRY

Broadcast from the Studio on March 4

WHAT IS THE PLACE of personal religion at a time so critical as this? I don't believe any man who thinks can honestly serve as a Minister of Christ's Church and not be constantly tortured with the thought of the terrific issues in the background. How much is Christianity really doing to influence those tremendous decisions in politics, economics and morals which are being fought out at this moment and on which the future of the world hangs? Amid these vast and stupendous conflicts, must there not seem to be something almost trivial in the things about which the churches are pre-occupied? Everybody must have bad moments when he wonders whether personal religion is big enough for what the world needs. Is our objective too limited? Are we all fiddling while Rome is burning? What is the use—the parson must ask himself—of preparing a boy for Confirmation and then sending him out into a world which will kill his soul by its economic system, if it doesn't blast his body with its phosphene? Surely this is all far too little. Ought not all the forces of Christianity and of whatever is on the side of decency to be concentrated on the one objective of making civilisation safe for peace? Of course they ought; and God knows why they aren't.

But we are not asked to believe, surely, that Christianity can fulfil its mission of establishing God's reign on earth by ceasing to be concerned with religion and becoming an ethical society? That would be to betray its own cause and to forfeit its own best contribution. We shall not make Christianity effective by making it something other than religious. Christianity is a way of living—but a way of living centred upon God and His righteous purpose for mankind. That is the secret of all it has to offer; and if it ever became merely a programme it would be as the salt which has lost its saltiness. Please don't misunderstand me at this point. I am *not* saying, what I should regard as blasphemy, that the Christian religion is not concerned with Peace, Freedom, Justice and Brotherhood. If the God it worships is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, these must be at the heart of its concern. I am saying that it is a religion and will cease to have any meaning or value if we pretend that it is something else.

Now, of course, there is religion and religion. Some religion is very bad indeed. Personal religion, as we all know, may be trivial, selfish and irrelevant to the causes of God's Kingdom and man's welfare. It may be offering cheap little nostrums from the pharmacopoeia of religiosity, while the great formative forces of the future march by on the highways of history and it remains unseeing, unaware of them. There is always religion

of that kind, terribly concerned about itself, pre-occupied with its own little system, and terribly without moral passion for the big constructive tasks of civilisation. It would be dishonest not to admit that. Religion *may* be dope for the social conscience. There is too much of it about at present. But the cure for it is a better religion—to create, direct and empower social conscience, to evoke the faith, conviction and stamina which can sustain the creative enterprises and redeem men from failure and futility. How, after all, is the world to be regenerated except by regenerated people?

There has seldom been such an urgent need, never a more open opportunity for brave religious leadership of that kind. Why should we think that personal religion is something too small for the big issues? What could be bigger than Christianity? When a Christian says, 'I believe in God', he does not mean (as is sometimes suggested), 'I am so afraid of the facts of life that I want to fly to the arms of a protector and so take refuge in a fantasy'. (If he does mean that he has got a lot to unlearn.) He means, 'I take my courage in both hands and stake my life on the victory of that for which Jesus Christ stands. I believe that this is the *real* thing. I believe that God Himself is committed to it; that the world is coming out somewhere—not a mere succession of events without meaning and without goal, but the sphere of a spiritual purpose in which I may be admitted to be partaker. I believe that this purpose of truth and righteousness is revealed in the character of Jesus Christ; that it is alive, that it is victorious, ever delivering the world from evil. To that will I commit my life, "Our Father Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven". My creed is the charter of my courage. I believe that the forces of health and renewal are stronger than those of exhaustion and decay—that those who through Christ live in communion with God can resist the wearing down process of degeneration and disappointment and the inner betrayals of our own nature, and be made redeemers and world-builders. To be able to say "I believe in God" is the banner of the New Age, not the relic of a dead past'.

There are many thousands of our contemporaries who would give nearly everything they have for such inward security as that and such creative life-giving conviction. Without it the course is too killing for us to stay. The pressure of the world wears us down. Perhaps there is nothing in the nineteen-thirties which exhibits quite so disastrously the evidence of that spiritual wastage which is said to be the essence of tragedy as the spectacle of the would-be reformer who has thrown in his hand and given up. There are terribly many such men and

women, disappointed, baffled and embittered, sinking back into an armchair cynicism. But our world is too poor to afford such wastage. The essential need that religion has to meet is that famine of spiritual conviction which is threatening to leave good men beaten. We can only go on as a democratic country if there is, in the rank and file of men in the street, sufficient moral and spiritual quality to rise to the demand which that makes upon us. And that is by no means a fixed assumption. The most pressing danger at the moment is that public opinion here—as elsewhere—should get demoralised and lose hold and repudiate its own ideals and allow fear to drive it towards ruin. When we see what is happening elsewhere, is that a wholly imaginary danger? We must wake up from this temporary nightmare, and win out to courage and steadfastness and trust and truth and reconciliation—or (as Christians say) to Faith, Hope and Love.

In this spiritual destitution, how can we serve the need of our contemporaries, or lead and inspire the opinion of our people (which is what Christians ought to be doing) unless we ourselves have the real thing to offer them? For men's souls are starving in the midst of plenty. The really bleak fact about today is its penury and impoverishment of spirit. If men need more than anything else faith and courage and a victorious soul, how shall we come to their aid and serve their need unless we ourselves are in possession of it?

They shall not be confounded
in the perilous time,
In the days of dearth they
shall have enough:
He shall not be afraid for any
evil tidings:
His heart standeth fast and
believeth in the Lord.

That is the sort of quality that the world needs. All the more necessary, therefore, that we should not be found in the predicament of old Mother Hubbard in the nursery rhyme. It wasn't that she had collected all her groceries and burnt them in the kitchen boiler as a way of feeding her starving neighbours. She lived before the new economics. We are taught to behave like that internationally: we are not such fools as to do it in our own homes. No, she was utterly cleared out and bankrupt. Her resources were entirely exhausted. She had not even a bone to throw a dog. We must not be found in that predicament. We cannot answer the need of our world unless we possess in our own hearts the inner resources of faith and victory. As Dr. Fosdick has observed lately, 'No one can help society without until he has won a spiritual victory within'. 'Be brave', said Jesus, 'I have overcome the world': that was why He could offer Himself to be its Saviour and the Inaugurator of the New Age.

That inward victory of His is the secret of the Christian religion. It is what you find at the heart of the New Testament. In the midst of a demoralised society here is a group of people exhibiting an indomitable, creative hope, which lives in the vision of a social order redeemed, re-created and transfigured—'a new heaven and a new earth in which righteousness shall dwell'. We ask the secret, and you know the answer: 'If any man may be in Christ, there is a new creation; behold all is become new!'

'If any man be in Christ': that was the redeeming conviction which re-made disillusioned men and set them bravely to work upon the world again. And all Christian history authenticates it. Take the record of the last two centuries and think of the social movements and experiments which have been most morally creative: think of the Abolition of Slavery, the Factory Acts and all that has followed from them, prison reform, women's education; or think of the purging influence which has regenerated Darkest Africa or the outcast villages in India. Behind them all the secret of victory and of strength that knew neither defeat nor failure, is a man whose life was 'hid with Christ in God'.

The stuff out of which the Kingdom of God is made is, said our Lord, like a man that digged deep. In the personal religion of the Christian there are renewing, creative resources that can resist the wearing-down pressure of spiritual exhaustion and discouragement, and make men life-givers and world-builders.

There may be some who say, 'No doubt: this is what we all want: but how can we possess that conviction? How, when nearly all the influences that play upon us in the world conspire to make faith in God difficult, can I start to win personal religion?' Perhaps the simplest answer is this: start where St. Peter and St. John started. Don't wait till you have found the answer to all the theological perplexities—if you do, you will wait till you are dead! Don't begin at the theological end: begin, where they began, with a man. Put yourself to school with Jesus of Nazareth: let no day pass without a short time in which deliberately you place yourself in His presence and allow His influence to play upon you; and the Life that is in Him and through Him will gradually take possession of you and you will come to know



Descent into Hell—a woodcut by Albrecht Dürer
British Museum

what God means to those who come to Him through Jesus Christ. Remember that conviction, like character itself, is largely the unconscious result of deliberately chosen influence. Therefore if we want to know God we must expose ourselves to the right influences—which is partly, at least, what prayer and worship mean. If we want to know Jesus Christ we must put ourselves where His people are. We must give ourselves to a Christian communion and associate ourselves with its common worship—even if that is irksome to start with—and let it gather us into its common life and admit us to share in its activities. For conviction comes—and this is my last remark—through *action* more than through speculation. He that wills to do the will of God, he shall know about the teaching. Try to do something worth while for the cause of Christ, and you will know why we call Him Lord.

In view of the tendency towards adopting the Italian pronunciation of Church Latin, it is interesting to have the views of a scholar on the subject. In *Latin in Church* (Cambridge, 3s. 6d.), Mr. F. Brittain, Librarian of Jesus College, Cambridge, argues that there was no uniform method of pronouncing Latin in mediæval Europe, and that English Protestantism did not break away from the continental tradition by imposing an insular 'English' method of pronouncing Latin. Even today, he argues, there is no one ecclesiastical pronunciation of Latin.

True Patriotism and National Expediency

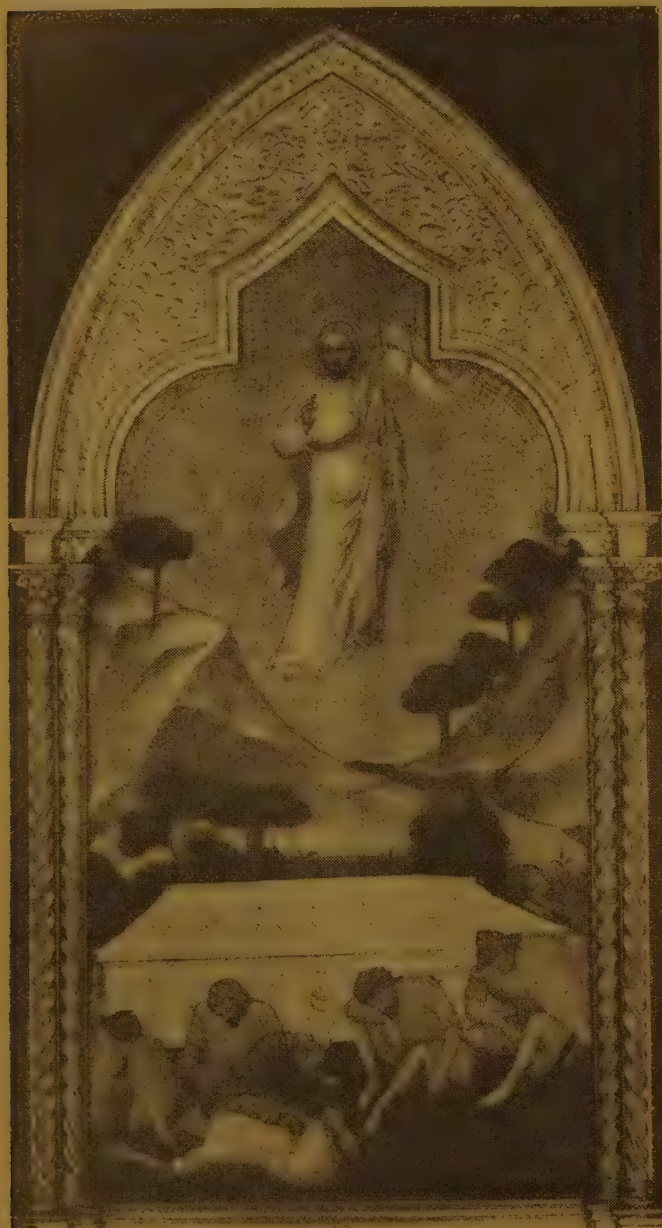
By the Rev. Canon W. T. HAVARD

Broadcast from the Parish Church of Swansea on March 4

LAST THURSDAY Wales observed its National Festival—St. David's Day. To the sons and daughters of Wales the birth-place of our National Saint will always claim our profoundest affection. To us it will always be holy ground, as indeed it has been to the devout for at least thirteen hundred years. The first thing invoked by the keeping of a National Festival and

belonging to a unit smaller than humanity, where we shall be ourselves, drawn together by the tie of a common history, by the bond of blood, culture, and aspiration, and held together by those loyalties that appeal to the depths of heart and sentiment.

True patriotism makes men conscious of the nature and quality of their inward heritage, and releases power and gives strength to advance that heritage and to enrich it by sharing it with their fellow-countrymen and the world. It is meet and right, then, that we should love the land of our birth and recognise gladly the affinity that marks the members of a common race, cherishing our history, our culture, and our language, and desire passionately to serve our native country. It is significant to remember that the Christian Church has always looked kindly upon patriotism. It is one of the strongest antidotes to the deep-seated selfishness which is in every human being. The great enemy to be fought in human nature is the love of self; so it is, Christianity and patriotism—love of God and love of country—have been allies in seeking to lift human nature out of its selfishness. Patriotism has in it spiritual value, though that value is lost when it substitutes the idea of dominance for that of service, and denies to other people what it demands for itself. Latterly, however, it has been felt that there is discord between these two allies. A form of nationalism has manifested itself on the continent that threatens danger. Patriotism is a kindly and elevating sentiment, teaching men to love their country better than themselves. Christianity can warmly approve; but patriotism or nationalism claiming the final allegiance of the human mind and setting aside the moral teaching of Christ, to give free play to unbridled national interests, calls for the severest condemnation. When nationalism assumes this form and proclaims such doctrine, it stands revealed as an idolatry that disavows the Christian gospel and endangers the safety and well-being of mankind. It may therefore be a pertinent question to ask: Is nationalism today in danger of losing its soul? As long as it possesses a soul it is a cleansing and uplifting influence of priceless worth. Has modern nationalism lost that? We have good reason for much misgiving if we face up to the question honestly. Across the title deeds of so much in modern politics is written the word 'expediency'. National self-interest seems to be so largely the governing factor. It may give momentary advantage, but somehow it invariably brings in its train fresh complications and new difficulties that make the situation more bedevilled than it was before. Is there behind modern patriotism a definite unifying purpose, or is it disruptive? Is it bankrupt of moral and spiritual principles, actuated mainly by the self-seeking of individuals or groups within it? The challenging position of affairs in the world today calls for much searching of heart. The way out of darkness must begin with a clear vision—a vision of what the world is for, and what is the purpose and destiny of mankind. The world has grown cold, cynical and grey with its failures and frustration. The schemes of man have so often been pursued by a Nemesis that proclaims the futility of a world order that ignores spiritual values. To recover a sense of spiritual values we are driven back upon God, upon the fundamental fact that God is, that God reigns, that this is God's world, that we are all His children, and that the highest wisdom is to live in accord with and conform to the truths and teaching revealed to us in Jesus Christ. True patriotism begins with the love of race, but reaches out until it finds its highest expression in bringing its own peculiar contribution into the common treasury of mankind. The Christian faith stands for the consecration of all human relationships, reaching through family, racial and national loyalties, to the Catholic loyalty of a universal brotherhood of all men in the incarnate manhood of the Son of God. To ignore this is to invite the blackness of darkest night. To follow it humbly and faithfully is the one hope for a stricken world.



The Resurrection, by Orcagna

National Gallery

the honouring of a Patron Saint is the spirit of patriotism—the love of one's country and of one's people. What a natural instinct this is! To ignore this is to blind ourselves to something elemental in us all. We are being constantly reminded in these days that our great aim should be to be internationally minded, and to become internationalists. Yes, no doubt this is true, and it must be our objective; but surely not at the cost of forgetting the rock whence we were hewn. Humanity is so large that we all need a focussing point. Cosmopolitanism is a very pithless and anæmic thing. It has been aptly described as the 'individual sprawling in the welter of humanity'. It leaves the individual homeless in a world order too vast to evoke his powers of loyalty and service. We must begin by

*The City of London—III**Insurance and Investment*

By Professor T. E. GREGORY

MODERN developments are constantly increasing the volume of investment which involves at some stage or other the machinery of the investment market. There has been an enormous increase in the activities of joint-stock companies in the course of the last century. Part of the capital with which such companies work is provided by re-investment of profits in the business—indeed, re-investment of profits or, in other words, accumulation of reserves, is an influence of profound importance in the provision of capital for industry today. Nevertheless, it remains true that the capital market is called upon to provide part of the funds put at the disposal of those sections of industry which are controlled on the joint-stock principle, and this part is much larger than it was even a quarter of a century ago. But of all the influences which make the organised capital markets more important today than in the past, the most significant is probably the growing extent to which governmental activities are expanding into the industrial field. Though the debts of governments, in so far as they are raised for war purposes, represent nothing but a claim on the taxable capacity of the citizens, it is not true that nowadays governments only borrow for purposes of war. Municipal debt, in particular, represents investment for productive purposes, though I do not want here to judge the issues between private and public operation of such things as transport services or electric lighting services and so on. Now as governments, when they do borrow, borrow at fixed rates of interest, a new series of problems arises, because the value of a government debt at a fixed rate of interest is profoundly affected by two elements: the trend of interest rates and the behaviour of prices.

Instruments and Machinery of Investment

And that brings me to my first technical point: the *instruments* of investment. They cover two main groups of securities: first, fixed interest bearing securities of which government securities, and the debentures or bonds of the great commercial undertakings such as the British Railways, are the leading illustrations; and second, ownership rights which we can broadly call shares. Shares again fall into two main groups, namely, shares carrying preferential rights of one kind or another. In consequence of such preferential rights, they carry with them also a relatively restricted right to participate in the dividends of the concern issuing them. Next, what we may call residual ownership rights which, because they rank last for participation in profits, are entitled to the lion's share in the end. This division of investments into these two classes corresponds to the assumption of two different kinds of economic service by the investor. The investor who buys bonds or preferred securities furnishes capital in the strict sense of the term. The investor who puts money into ordinary shares is, of course, also furnishing capital, but his primary function is to carry the risks associated with enterprise.

It is desirable now to pass over to a discussion of the *machinery* of investment. I am not at this stage thinking of the mechanism by which existing securities are bought and sold: that is the work of the Stock Exchange, though the machinery of the Stock Exchange can in fact also be utilised in part for the distribution of new securities. But before securities can be distributed they have to be created, and the machinery of creation and distribution is not identical. When the British Government, for instance, offers new investments to the public, it does so through the mechanism of the Bank of England; but application for such new government securities may be made directly to the Bank by the prospective investor, or he may apply through his banker or his stockbroker. Perhaps the simplest way of making clear what is involved is to take two classes of new security, foreign bonds and, let us say, a new industrial security. The machinery for dealing with the first kind of security is much better organised than the machinery for dealing with the second. There is an old group of firms in the City generally known as the Issue Houses, which have for many generations handled the bonds of overseas governments. (We have already learnt to know some of these Issue Houses in their role of acceptors of Bills.) Certain governments are in the habit of resorting time and time again to the same house or group of houses. This is an obviously

commonsense arrangement both from the standpoint of the government and from the standpoint of the investor, because the Issue House in question gets to know all about the government which is borrowing, and the public can take up the issue, in part on the reputation of the issuer. But it is not always possible, even in the case of governments with an honourable record, to sell the whole of an issue to the public on its first appearance, and so the Issue House tries to provide an alternative market in the shape of the so-called underwriter. The underwriter of securities has nothing to do with underwriting as that phrase is understood in insurance circles. The underwriter of securities is anyone who, in return for a commission, which varies with the nature of the risk and the state of the investment market, agrees to take over any portion of an issue not at once sold to the public. Each Issue House will have a list of regular underwriters who more or less habitually associate their name with the issues of the House in question.

Who are the underwriters? They can be anybody from investment trusts and brokerage firms to banking houses and the general public. In fact, when things are going well in the City everybody wants to get the chance of earning an underwriting commission, with the result that during the last Stock Exchange boom the whole practice of underwriting became distinctly abused. Some of the rather mushroom firms which then sprang up, promoting somewhat doubtful issues, had to pay very high underwriting commissions, and when the pinch came the underwriters in question did not come up to scratch. But that already introduces the question of the issue of industrial shares and debentures. With the exception of the very largest undertakings, which can appeal directly to the public, the industrial issue market is still in a rather unorganised condition. The old Issue Houses are only just beginning to enter the field of industrial securities, and it is rather difficult to give a coherent picture of the very miscellaneous agencies concerned in industrial financing. Everybody has heard of the company promoter, and his very unenviable reputation among the general public is rather indicative, even if it is not justified. The promoter may be an individual or he may be a syndicate formed for one special purpose, or he may be, and sometimes is, a joint-stock or private company. Whoever he is, he incurs the necessary legal and other costs associated with founding a new enterprise, and tries when he makes his offer to the public to insure his risks by getting his friends to underwrite the issue. But there can be no question that the existing machinery for placing new industrial issues is in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition. If the field of foreign investment becomes permanently restricted, the Issue Houses may come to play a much larger part in the financing of British industry than they have done in the past, which in my opinion would be an extremely desirable development.

Function of the Stock Exchange

Sooner or later occasions arise when the individual owner of a security desires to get rid of it, either because he wants cash or because he dislikes the outlook for the securities he holds or because he favours the outlook for others which he does not possess. The real function of the Stock Exchange is to provide the market through which such changes of ownership can be effected. It is usual for people to agree that in so far as the Stock Exchange exists to carry out these functions it is indispensable to a society in which, after all, private property exists and changes of ownership are consequently inevitable. The disfavour with which the Stock Exchange is often regarded springs from the association of speculation with its activities. Personally, I think it is impossible to draw the line between speculation and investment: many people who think that it is illegitimate to buy a security in order to resell it at a profit are very pleased when their own particular securities go up in value and when they are given the opportunity of selling out at a gain. There may be a difference in the moral attitude involved, but the economic effect is precisely the same. The fact is that, so long as uncertainty is a feature of the economic world and variations in value take place from time to time as a consequence, far-sighted people or those who consider themselves far-sighted will attempt

to exploit these variations: but there are many firms on the Stock Exchange who do not handle any speculative business at all.

The London Stock Exchange has a technical organisation which finds no strict parallel elsewhere. The members of the Exchange are divided into two classes, brokers and jobbers. The broker acts as the agent of the public, he receives commissions to buy and sell, but the jobber is an independent dealer from whom and to whom securities are bought and sold. It follows that the jobber's income is strictly in the nature of a profit; it arises from the difference between his buying and his selling price, which he quotes simultaneously to the broker. This difference is generally known as 'the jobbers' turn', and in the case of securities which are widely traded in and where, therefore, there is a large turnover, the turn is very small. It is small because, if a particular jobber tries to widen the turn he will not be in a position to buy or sell, since another jobber will undercut him. The question is very frequently raised as to whether this twofold division of the members of the Exchange is justified: I think it is, so long as the jobber carries out his function efficiently. That function is frequently misunderstood: it is to act as a steadying influence on the course of markets. I do not mean to imply that it is the duty of the jobber to act in defiance of underlying trends, but if the jobbers as a body are financially strong they can prevent abrupt fluctuations in security values by taking over from the public a portion of the floating supply. That is to say, to use the Stock Exchange term, it is the function of the jobber to run a book, to adjust day-to-day fluctuations by varying his holding of a particular security. In order to prevent the public from overloading them, the jobber's first line of defence is to widen the turn, and that is what is meant when the papers say that 'prices were marked down as a precautionary measure'. It doesn't mean that there was very much selling; perhaps there wasn't any: the widening of the quotations is intended to prevent the jobbers from having to take on to their hands a great mass of securities which, if the apprehensions producing the offers to sell ultimately prove to be unjustified, they cannot get rid of later except at a loss.

Institutional Investors

So far I have been dealing with the machinery by which the supply of securities to the investor is created, and the machinery by which changes of ownership can be effected. Of course, there is a great mass of property rights which are not transferred in this way: there is no organised market in mortgages, for instance, nor is it possible to deal in the shares or debentures of private limited liability companies. But when one turns to the demand for securities, there is a group of buyers of such importance in the modern world that they require special mention. They are the so-called 'institutional investors'. They are, of course, a very wide class: universities and charitable bodies holding investments fall into this class, for instance, though they are not thought of often in this connection: for the simple reason that when we talk of institutional investors we have primarily in mind bodies like insurance companies and investment trusts, who really invest as representatives of others who prefer a delegation of the task of choosing the right investment for them. We think of insurance primarily as a provision against certain contingencies—fire or burglary, old-age or sickness or death; but the professional insurers must, of course, build up a fund against the contingency insured against, so what we are asking them to do is to carry out investment for us, while we confine ourselves to the task of saving the money for the premiums required: the premiums paid plus the interest on the sums accumulated having to produce the sum of money which we are insured for. The growth of insurance is itself a most fascinating thing. The insurance world falls into three groups of institutions: mutual insurance companies; companies who carry on insurance for profit-making purposes, though they do, under certain conditions, share profits with policy holders; and the insurers of Lloyds, who began as insurers of ships and cargoes, but who now insure innumerable contingencies, from the risk of rain spoiling a caterer's chances on Derby Day to the family budget being upset by the sudden arrival of twins. Some idea of the magnitude of the investment problems involved may be gathered from the following figures: the total assets of the British Insurance Companies (primarily Life, Fire, Accident, Sickness and Employers' Liability) in 1932 amounted to £1,373 millions: three-quarters of which represented liabilities against life and annuity policies. Total premiums amounted to about one-fifth of this sum, so that we can roughly say that the companies alone handle in premium-income about £250 millions a year at the present time.

The other group of institutional investors I must say a word about are the investment trusts. The principle upon which they are based is to substitute skilled supervision of investment for the desultory activities of the individual, and, by the application of the principle of spreading the risk to make the whole sum invested approximate to a more constant value, and, if possible, to an increasing value, than would have been the case without the proper admixture of investment. This sounds easy: and varying one's investments appeals even to the individual investor: it is, after all, only the maxim of not putting all one's eggs into the same basket. But in fact, the circumstance that the history of investment trusts, both here and in America, has been a somewhat chequered one (just at present, after a decade of great popularity, they are rather under a cloud, financially and otherwise) shows that all the various principles by which risks can be spread are by no means fool-proof: so to speak of the principles of investment trust finance as if they were as well-founded—as 'scientific', if you will—as the mathematical principles upon which the practice of life-insurance is based, is a gross exaggeration. In any case, the investment trust was, until recently, almost entirely a British monopoly—perhaps I ought to say, an Anglo-Scottish monopoly: for the investment trusts have three main centres of organisation in Great Britain: London, Edinburgh and Glasgow. Dundee and Aberdeen are far from unimportant either, so it isn't necessary to emphasise one point any further. One thing that is important, as showing that the principles of investment trust financing are by no means automatic, is the grouping of the trusts round a few well-known names: the truth is that personal aptitude does play a great role in successful investment.

Problems of Investment Today

The whole subject of investment is in a peculiarly fascinating position at the present time, and I cannot conclude without at least referring to some of the problems which are involved. Institutional investing is clearly playing a great role at the present time and is likely to increase in popularity in future: but, paradoxically enough, if all investment becomes professionalised, it may make the task of the investment manager not easier, but more difficult in the future, because skilled judgment tends to be biased by the same factors both in favourable and unfavourable times, and you cannot keep secret the knowledge of what a big concern does. Again, behind the individual investing institutions there stands the state: the state may not only lay down what particular investors may invest in, but may systematise the existing practice by which in effect the flow of capital into foreign countries is subject to very considerable interference. In other words, there looms up ahead the whole problem of governmental control over the channels of investment: a decision to restrict the export of capital permanently would profoundly affect the outlook of countries like Argentina or Australia, whose economic development has been so closely bound up with the outflow of British capital, in search of a higher rate than could be obtained at home, during the whole of the last hundred years.

But the problem of the control of investment is also closely bound up with the question of the future of the rate of interest, a subject which has been agitating both the City and the economists in the last few days—ever since Mr. Keynes, in a recent speech, made the suggestion that long-period rates are tending to a 2½ per cent. basis. One thing is quite certain: if the rate falls to a very low level, it will have some unsuspected results on saving and its opposite, dis-saving or decumulation. For, if saving is undertaken for the sake of a future income, it becomes more difficult to get an income of a certain size as the interest rate falls, and as Professor Canel showed a long time ago, given a very low interest rate, it pays to consume the capital, *i.e.*, to buy an annuity, which is, in fact, consuming one's savings. This is a side of the subject of low rates about which most of us will have to take some interest: though it is by no means the only one of importance. The financing of large housing reconstruction schemes, for instance, will be much easier if the rate does drop to these low levels—but, of course, there are two opinions on that as on everything else.

The series of coloured collotype reproductions of Saxton's beautiful maps of the English Counties, which the British Museum is issuing, has been increased by the addition of maps of Wiltshire and Gloucestershire, two particularly fine examples of Saxton's work. Each map costs 5s.

Empire Marketing Board Posters

A selection from the Board's posters whose original designs were recently on view at the Imperial Institute



Lancashire Cotton Goods for India,
by Keith Henderson



Oast-houses, by Clare Leighton



Borneo Sago, by Edgar Ainsworth

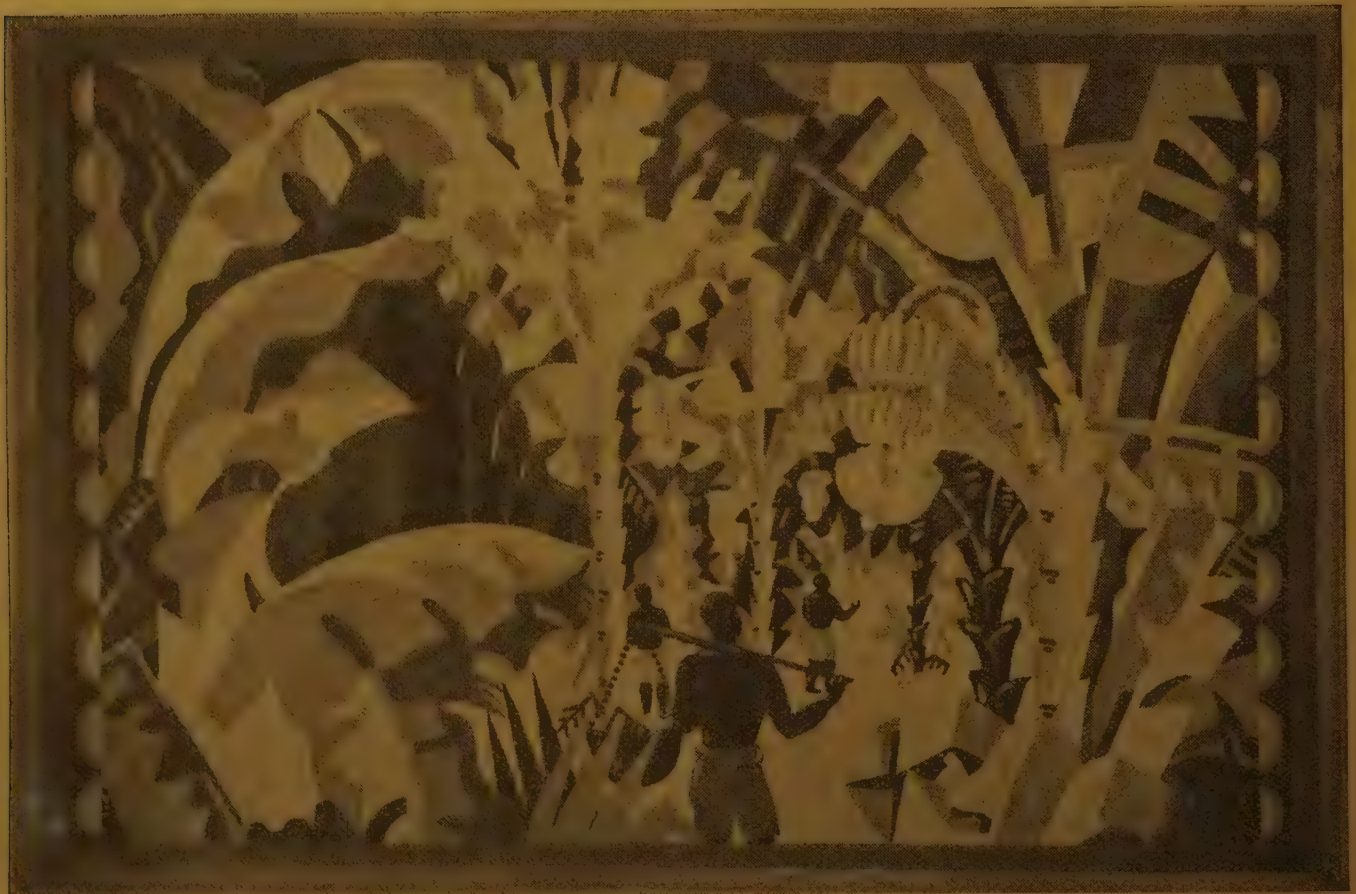


Motor Manufacturing, by Clive Gardiner

Illustrations by permission of the Controller, H.M. Stationery Office



Orchard, by John Nash



Bananas, by E. McKnight Kauffer

Illustrations by permission of the Controller, H.M. Stationery Office

The National Character

The Wage-Earner Faces a Mechanised World

By J. J. MALLON

The Warden of Toynbee Hall discusses the effects of industrialisation on national character from his own observation as a social worker

NO experienced social worker can entertain any doubt that in Great Britain the material gains of industrialisation have been considerable. Sir Herbert Austin in his talk in this series asserted that the wage-earner was *much* better off than he used to be and the working woman who spoke a week ago cordially agreed. She said that as compared with the life which her mother was compelled to live she was existing on a soft carpet. Mr. Ferrie, whose remarks I read in the Press, did not seem to be convinced on the point. I suggest to him, however, that all that Sir Herbert Austin claimed with respect to material improvement must be granted. Sir Josiah Stamp and Lord Passfield have made calculations which show an extraordinary improvement in the real wages of the worker during the past century. One who has known cities for any length of time can dispense with evidence of improvement outside his own experience. In my own case, for example, I remember the payment to engineers' labourers in Manchester of 16s. 10d. per week. I remember my investigations into the wages of men and women in numbers of underpaid industries. I remember the struggles on the first established Trade Boards to obtain minimum rates of 3d. an hour for women and 6d. an hour for men. I remember that 30 years ago a high percentage of shop assistants spent 70 or more hours of every week behind the shop counters. I remember the poor women from local factories who before the War belonged to the Toynbee Dinner Club, and I compare with them the well-dressed young ladies who belong to it now and who in appearance might be members of any social class. I remember what happened to workers in times of stress before social insurances began—when, for example, they were ailing or unemployed. When I compare the industrial England of today with that of thirty years ago, I say that in regard to many aspects of the life of the wage-earner it is not the same—it is a different and a better England.

The Machine Means Freedom—and Discipline

We need not confine ourselves to the measurement of time. We may add the measurement of space—the comparison today with workmen in other industrial countries. Out of that comparison we come not badly. Sir Herbert Austin claims that the standard of living desired and obtained by the British worker is, apart from the standards of the U.S.A., higher than that of any other workers. I do not think that our standards are higher than those of the Dominions, but broadly I agree with Sir Herbert. Certainly our standards are ahead of every other European country and well ahead of most of them. How far are we carried by the demonstration that our wage-earners in time and space compare favourably with others? Not perhaps very far. Who can look at the life of our industrial areas, or even at life in the works, with satisfaction or without distress? Sir Herbert is impressed, as he may well be, at the triumphant power of the machine. He sees cars outpouring from his great works. They are strong and beautiful and fast, and, of course, as their creator, he is proud of them. Mr. Ferrie is not so lighthearted. For him swifter production means stresses and strains and the dissipation of his personality as a producer in a crowd of producers. He has the cross, not the crown. I think that Sir Herbert does not allow sufficiently for the accompaniments of industrial development which are so plain to Mr. Ferrie: inside the works, the exhaustion of the worker, the employment of the immature, the power, often despotic, wielded by the employer, and the confusion that exists as to the object and motives of industry; outside the works, the congestion of towns, the discomforts of travel in working-class trains and buses, the poor quality of housing and food and amusement. No doubt on the whole the machine opens the doors of a new life, no doubt it promises liberation from the grosser and more arduous toils. No doubt it promises in some future period the reign of God's Plenty. But it inflicts upon man a discipline, a subordination and a belittlement such as until lately mankind did not know, and it makes for monotony and uniformity and the destruction of the creative quality in industry which

in that regard is the grace and flowering of personality. This applies, of course, to the great rather than to the small enterprise.

Decline of Craftsmanship

The small shop abounds. There are still thousands of them. Mr. Watson, writing in the March number of *The Human Factor*, says that there are 2,000 small engineering shops in London each employing from two to a hundred men. But because they are small the total number of men who work in them is relatively inconsiderable. It is the big shop, the great works, that matters in our day, and while, as Sir Herbert Austin claims, the machines in the big shop add to the importance and the income of the unskilled or semi-skilled, I think that they do throw down the artisan and deprive him of his joy in work and of his special dignity and renown. The loss of craftsmanship, from the personal point of view, is one of the really moving disasters of our time. One such man, a coachbuilder, talked to me recently in the language of poetry about his lost art, the lovely gift he had of taking wood and planing and shaping it so that under his caresses it took shape and became lovely and alive. He rolled technical words like 'tenoning' and 'morticing' off his tongue as a lover might roll the praises of his lady, and made me realise that the workman of old times had moments in which he felt himself a Creator, a God. But the coachbuilder said that in the great workshops of today in which the machine planes and smooths and tenons and mortices he is a mere assembler. He, a great craftsman with a mystery, a tradition, a talent which "twere death to hide"—this man merely 'assembles'. He sought for words which would blast and bitterly stigmatise the occupation to which he is condemned and found them at last in the phrase 'women's work'. The coachbuilder's gibe was not fair, as many women suffer as acutely as men when they are denied the exercise of craftsmanship. Visiting homeworkers in the tailoring trade in East London, for example, I have seen more than once elderly women weep, not because of low rates of wages, but because they were employed on low-grade work which they felt to be unworthy of their training and experience and skill. Into the category of those whom industrial development has let down come also certain distributive workers, for example, the shop assistant engaged, let us say, in grocery. Long ago such a man would blend tea and coffee and understand butter and cheese with the acumen of a housewife. In a world of proprietary articles which reach the grocer in the form in which the customer will receive them, what is left for his arts?

I have tried to make the coachbuilder symbolise a trouble which is at the heart of the industrial situation today. Among workmen of every grade the onward sweep of mechanisation arouses annoyance and apprehension. The satisfaction that came to men out of the high quality of their work, out of their personal attachment to an employer, out of their association with other men in a job which the co-operation of the team carried to success—this satisfaction is dimmed and faded because of the monotony, the intrinsic simplicity, the automatic nature in so many occupations of the workers' contribution. 'How can a workman feel he matters to anyone when all day he sticks bits of metal into a machine?' To the contempt for the job is added apprehension that it may be taken away. When so much work is women's work in the sense in which my coachbuilder friend used the phrase, or boys' or girls' work, is it not likely that sooner or later it will be given over to women or to boys or girls? The thought that the monstrous thing may happen, that the worker may indeed be superseded by his wife or son or daughter is an embittering and exacerbating consideration.

Material Gain and Spiritual Loss

The point at which we have now arrived is that against considerable material gains we have to balance a certain mental and spiritual loss. Money is more and hours are less, but out of much work joy has departed and most work is done in the shadow of the menace of the machine. Is there any visible



Where old conditions still exist—a smithy in Sussex where crooks are made for South Down shepherds

Photograph: J. Dixon-Scott

effect of this loss and gain on the workman's character? It would be hard to say that there has been a lowering of standards. Public behaviour is better. Among working people parents who are bad or depraved are rare. The worker is attached to his home and spends much of his time with his family. Sobriety has grown. At the beginning of the century about 200,000 people were convicted annually of drunkenness. With a larger population convictions for drunkenness are less today by three-fourths. We drink per head half as much beer and one-third as much spirits as before the War. Though not well dressed, our workmen are better dressed than before the War. Some of the younger workmen now sport evening attire, a thing unknown twenty years ago. There is certainly some educational improvement. Witness the nearly one hundred thousand adults who attend each year the classes promoted by the Workers' Educational Association. As Mr. Ferrie has pointed out, the workman of today is less insular than his fore-runner. Between him and his co-workers at home and abroad there has been created through his Trade Union and political party an increased solidarity. The workman is becoming familiar with the practice of taking an annual holiday and some now and then take the holiday on the Continent. Under the auspices of the Workers' Travel Association, which was founded at Toynbee Hall in 1921, some 12,000 persons visited the Continent in 1931, and of these 12,000 about 40 per cent. obtained passports for the first time. The rapid expansion of the Youth Hostels Association, with its highly developed continental attachments as well as its rapidly increasing hostels in the loveliest parts of England, is even more striking. Here are indications that the greater resources of the workman are assisting him to make good the injury sustained through the loss of initiative and personal responsibility in his employment.

The Nation Has Not Properly Equipped Its People

But, though important, these indications are not enough to be reassuring and on the whole the social worker is not reassured. Let me explain if I can the causes of his disquiet. We shall leave out of account the complicating problem of unemployment because, though at the moment it is an all-pervading problem, no one can speak with authority as to its future gravity, and it is permissible to hold, as I do, the view

that it will not continue to be intractable. The concern of the social worker with which I am now dealing is due to the failure of the nation to equip its people so that they may be adjusted to the machine era as their human nature and as the circumstances of that era require. The failure of the nation is not a momentary one. It is a dogged and determined one. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Charles Masterman, then a brilliant member of the Liberal Parliamentary Party, painted in his book, *The Condition of England*, an appalling picture of contemporary squalor and ugliness. The ignorance and witlessness of our urban population, their mental and spiritual, as well as their material poverty, the apparent inability of the nation to realise its own degradation or to attempt adequately to mitigate it—these were the themes treated in Mr. Masterman's depressing and memorable book. It was one book out of many which preached from the same text. It was not without avail because there came to answer and reward it the series of measures which, after 1906, did so much to mitigate the sheer horror and pain of working-class existence. Unfortunately the central point of all these writings—the intellectual inadequacy of the British democracy—was missed. Only at the end of the War after the loss of many precious years was an attempt made at educational improvement, which, in the nature of the case, should have formed the basis of all the other reforms. In the great measure which Dr. Fisher piloted through Parliament the school-leaving age was raised to fifteen years of age and after fifteen years continued education was provided up to the age of eighteen. In regard to these reforms of high importance Dr. Fisher's Act was repealed, and though several attempts have since been made to extend the period of education for the young people of the race, they have all failed. The outcome of this failure is very grave. In the past in some degree men obtained from industry what their humanity required, a personal relationship sometimes of friendliness and intimacy with their employer, and employment in which there was inherent dignity or importance, or attractiveness. Such men were relatively happy. They found their delight, or some of it, in the work of their craft. Today, except for comparatively small numbers of men, employment is depersonalised and without educational quality. The consequences in the absence of more and better schooling are serious. They are illustrated very vividly in a recent book on *The Unemployed Man*, by Dr.

Bakke, a distinguished American who, because of his interest in unemployment insurance, determined to see for himself how the British system was working. Dr. Bakke lived as a workman for several months in Greenwich and his first-hand study of the life of the wage-earners in that part of London can be warmly commended to everyone. Of the essential truth of his description of what he experienced I have no doubt whatever. Remember that Dr. Bakke's study is a kindly one. He liked and admired many of the men with whom he intermixed. He writes about their problems and behaviour with unusual understanding and sympathy. Nevertheless, he makes upon his readers a most upsetting impression. These workers of whom he writes move about in a mental fog. About politics and trade unionism, and unemployment and the laws which concern them, their fog is well-nigh complete. They cannot clearly explain their plight or their point of view to the Officers of the Employment Exchange or the Chairman of the Court of Referees. Because they are not articulate or lucid they are often misjudged. They smart under this misjudgment and cherish resentment. They see themselves helpless in a world in which all power is wielded by the 'master class' and the fortunate persons who make and administer laws: Members of Parliament and magistrates and officials of all kinds. In the deeper mind of the untutored worker these persons form a conspiracy, the worker refers to them as 'They'. They are the powers outside his own life who determine the lot of the worker and between them settle whether he shall work or not, receive good or poor wages, pay a high or low rent, get or fail to get justice before the law. That roughly is the substance of Dr. Bakke's estimation of the outlook of the workers with whom he intermixed at Greenwich. That is, in his considered view, the mental condition of the workers on whom depends the industrial and political competence of the State. The point that I am endeavouring to make is that the effect of industrial development on character is certain to be bad unless what is taken away by mechanical occupation is restored to the worker in other ways. Whatever case there may ever have been in simple conditions for neglecting to bestow adequate formal education upon the young of the race, that case has vanished in this age in which life is complex and puzzling and variable, and our traditional system of Government depends for its efficient operation, as never before, on a high level of intelligence and public spirit among its citizens.

As I near the end I wish to strike a sanguine note. As

Mr. Lloyd George once said, 'let us have the truth even if it is cheerful'. Though Governments have dallied so inexcusably and wasted so many precious years in which they might have cultivated the mental resources of the race, it is possible by moving promptly to minimise the consequences of earlier inaction. The gain, if the action be inadequate, will be of many kinds. First, we shall help the industrial prospects of the country. No one now believes, for example, that in the coarser types of cotton manufacture we are going to recover the markets lost to Japanese competition. There are many other low-grade industries which it is written shall pass to nations who because of the generosity of the sun can flourish on standards of income which no western national could endure. Need we therefore despair? Not at all. There is a demand for quality goods in the world which will increase and for which the British worker as well as anyone is fitted to cater. Unfortunately, we have so far shown no special ability to cater for the world's demand for quality goods, and in the realm of the comparatively new trades we have done less well than the U.S.A. and some other countries. Our failure in these respects is, in my view, the measure of defective education which our schools can soon make good. In the second place, if our school-leaving age is raised, hundreds of thousands of young people will be kept off the labour market and leave openings which their now unemployed older brothers and sisters may fill. Third, and most important, the better education of our young people will avert the really considerable peril that under industrialism has become so grave. Nearly one hundred years ago Disraeli described the rich and poor of England as two nations. Today even national distinctions seem less extreme than the fissure between the summit and the basis of society. 'Their civilisations are not two stages of the same civilisation, but two civilisations, two traditions which have grown up concurrently'. As a condition of our survival in industry, or at all, these two nations must be merged into one. They will begin to be when we have one educational system instead of two as today. To make industry work without injury to the spirit and character of our people and to ensure the survival of the State we require then to remodel as quickly as possible the national system of education. It is necessary so to prepare our people, that if their employment calls for mental quality they will be able to bestow it, or if their employment does not require this quality they will nevertheless be able to enjoy a mental life.

'Seven Days' Hard'

By BEVERLEY NICHOLS

Broadcast on March 17

WHAT happens to the average Englishman, every day of the week? He wakes up, feeling fine. He sings in his bath. He sits down to breakfast with a hearty appetite. He props up the newspaper against the coffee pot. And then the trouble begins. For, although it is a quiet sunny day outside his window, he is reminded that a hurricane is raging in the Atlantic, and that a number of icebergs are barging about all over the place, with the worst possible intentions. And although his own banking account is quite healthy, he has only to turn to the financial pages to learn that Turks are sagging (according to the Financial Editors, sagging seems to be a national sport in Turkey); that Greeks are flat—I believe they very often are; and that there has been a liquidation of weak bears in Paris—which always sounds to me like cruelty to animals. He will also learn that a number of Humpty Dumpty millionaires, who sit on Wall Street, have crashed. And that is what he will get from the financial pages.

It is the same throughout the newspaper. The world, apparently, is exclusively inhabited by gangsters, bankrupts, suicides, war-mongers, dope-fiends, ladies who are about to be assaulted and gentlemen who are about to assault. And as a result, the whole day is spoilt.

Now that is really not an exaggerated account of the sort of thing that happens in hundreds of thousands of English households every day, when the newspaper is read. But in case my remarks should cause you to think too harshly of newspaper editors, I would point out that, in the present state of

society, news, to the average editor, means bad news. There is an old saying, in human affairs, that no news is good news. Well, exactly the opposite is the case in a newspaper office. The fact that twenty million Englishmen sang loudly in their baths this morning would be regarded by a News Editor as quite unworthy of comment. But if one of them sang so loudly that he opened his mouth too wide, and swallowed the soap, and if this misfortune sent him mad, and caused him to rush down the street, stark naked, blowing bubbles from unexpected places, *that* would be regarded as a 'good human story'.

As a result of this little editorial complex—a complex which makes them believe that only the disasters of life are worth mentioning—it is becoming increasingly difficult to take a sane view of affairs. The average newspaper reader is apt to forget that though a few unfortunates do, undoubtedly, throw themselves into the Thames, the river is not yet so congested by corpses that traffic is seriously disturbed. He is also apt to forget that though a certain number of people are poisoned every year, it is still possible to buy a tin of weed-killer without any criminal intentions. In other words, he is apt to forget that the average citizen is fairly happy, fairly law-abiding—and fairly—I don't know any other word to use—fairly nice. And it is as such an average citizen that I would give you my own brief summary of the week's news.

On Sunday, like every other person who earns his living by his pen, the first pages to which I turned were the pages of literary criticism. And here I had the usual disagreeable shock, which you always get on these pages if you write yourself. For

you invariably learn, with pained surprise, that an almost intolerable number of new masterpieces has cropped up during the week. You learn that Mr. A has produced an epic, and that Miss B has been delivered of a story that is vibrant with human passion—and you cannot help wondering where Miss B, in view of the shape of her figure, gets her facts. And then, turning to the publishers' advertisements, you find, to your disgust, that the first edition of Mr. C's new long novel is exhausted, that his second edition is nearly exhausted, and you wonder why the publishers refrain from adding that his readers are completely exhausted.

Therefore, since there is so little satisfaction to be gained, for an author, from the news on Sunday, it would be better if we turned to Monday. Now, as a keen gardener, the first page I turn to on Mondays is the gardening page. I do not know why I do so, because it always has a most irritating effect, reminding me of the number of things I ought to have sown, which I have not sown, and the number of things which I ought to be reaping, which are not in the garden to be reaped. However I continue to read the gardening page, with a sort of grim determination, in the hope that I may pick up a few hints. And last Monday I picked up several. For the orders for the day were headed, somewhat tersely, 'Peas and Mice': After that there was a dash. And then it said . . . 'Let peas remain in paraffin for half an hour—no longer'. Personally I should have thought that a pea in paraffin, after half an hour, would have lost a great deal of its original charm, but the calendar-maker seems to differ. For he adds . . . 'Afterwards roll peas in red lead, and sow'. After which, one gathers that the peas will be left in peace by the mice, and I should have thought, also, by the men.

Well, I wish that I could be left in peace by the mice. I do not know if any of my listeners have had the same experience, but this year nearly half of my crocuses have been destroyed by the little brutes. You go to bed at night, having breathed a final benediction over a clump of crocuses which are just on the point of trembling into blossom, and when you go out in the morning the flowers are scattered all over the grass, and the roots are ravished and laid bare. Well, that is what happened to me last Monday. And instead of rolling about in red lead and paraffin, I went out and bought some mouse traps.

It may therefore be gathered that I did not get much pleasure from the news on Monday. The news on Tuesday was even worse, because all the papers contained glowing accounts of speeches by elderly gentlemen, in the House of Commons, telling us that if we wish for peace we must at once prepare for war. I'm afraid that I should break the microphone if I were to say what I really felt about this lunatic doctrine. It is like saying that if your wish to avoid an explosion in your house you must immediately fill your cellar with gunpowder, and turn on the gas. It is like saying that if you wish to be friendly with your neighbours you must immediately draw down your blinds, bolt your front door, and arm the cook with a truncheon. If you wish for peace you must prepare for peace, and for nothing but peace, and I am going to suggest a way in which the average man may feel a little more inclined to do so.

I shall probably be told that this suggestion which I am about to make is foolish, or boring, or in bad taste, or something like that, but all the same, I am going to make it. For my suggestion is that instead of spending tomorrow morning reading the newspaper, you should do something quite extraordinary, something really odd and original—in other words, that you should go to church.

I have three reasons for doing so. The first reason why you should go to church is for the good of your brain. Not for the good of your soul, but your brain. If you spend every Sunday morning filling your brain with the murder, vanity and lust which occupy the attention of all but a very few newspaper editors, you become mentally enervated to a degree which you probably don't realise. But if you go to church, the minute the service begins, you will hear prose that is lovelier than any music that has ever been written. Shakespeare and the Elizabethans wrote prose that is lovely enough, but the sheer æsthetic pleasure which an intelligent man can get out of the whole of Shakespeare's works is as nothing compared to the delight which he will find in the English prayer-book. I am not saying this as some peculiarly subtle form of joke, but as a statement of fact. It happens to be true. I would advise any young would-be journalist, before he did anything else, to study the Bible. Yes, even though he wanted to be a crime

reporter, or a foreign correspondent, or a writer of those strange articles which begin with the words 'Should women?' and end with the firm conclusion that whatever women may be doing at the moment, they should not, in the writer's opinion, do it.

The second reason why I suggest that you should go to church is for the good of your body—or perhaps I should say, your nerves. The churches of England are almost the only places left where it is possible for a man, not only to hear himself speak, but to hear himself breathe. They are like little pools of divine silence set in an arid desert of noise. Have you ever thought how deplorable it is that in the lives of most Englishmen today there are only two minutes, in the entire year, when they can be certain of silence? Those two minutes occur, annually, on November the eleventh . . . and even then, they are robbed of their healing value by the tragic emotions with which the ether is charged. But in the service of the English Church there are many moments of silence, a pause after a prayer, the hush that comes after the blessing—moments when the silence is not a negative but a positive thing, because it is made fragrant with the incense of prayer, and seems to be filled with the sweetness of unuttered music.

And the third reason I am going to give you for going to church is that it will make you a better citizen. It will give you a standard of values, which will help you to know how to vote and how to judge current affairs. Christianity is often regarded by foolish people as an unpractical creed. I used to think so myself, before I took the trouble to learn what it was—but actually Christianity is so intensely practical, that if, in the light of modern affairs, you compare the New Testament with, let us say, the speech of the director of a company meeting, it is Christ who shines out as the practical man and the company director who is exposed as a wild and illogical fool.

And so it is in all things. I am not going to make any pacifist propaganda in this speech—some of you may know my views on that subject—but I would suggest that if you read your newspaper after going to church—even if the service was bad, and the sermon was a bore—you may perhaps read some of the news in a different light. You will come back, with the words of the Prince of Peace still ringing through your mind, and you will learn that we are about to enter upon a new race in naval armaments, and you know how the last race in naval armaments ended. You will also learn that we are being urged to enter upon another race, in the air, in the name of security, even though it has been proved to the hilt, by every expert worth twopence, that there is no conceivable way in which great cities *can* be defended from the air, and that the only possible use for such an air-force would be if it were used first, before any other air-force could get off the ground—in other words, if it were used as a method of offence, and not of defence. What would be the reaction, to this news, of the Prince of Peace? Of the man who preached a divine Humility? Of the man who knew that those who take the sword will perish by the sword? I do not give you the answer. I only suggest that you should try to answer the question yourself.

Well—my time is up. And I have doubtless enraged an even larger number of people than usual. But I hope that any animosity you may feel for me will not deter you from trying—just for an hour—the experiment of listening, once again, to the service which so many of us, for so many years, have neglected, the service of the English Church. For in it you will hear words which, whether you believe them or not, cannot fail to comfort you with their infinite beauty, cannot fail to make you hope that in this troubled world, where so many of us are groping in the dark, there may, after all, be some guiding purpose. Some reason why we should ask, with the Psalmist: Whither shall I go then from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee then from thy presence? If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

It would not be easy to find within the compass of one volume a more compact history of modern transport than is given by Mr. C. E. Sherrington, of the Railway Research Service, in *A Hundred Years of Inland Transport* (1830-1933), which is the latest addition (price 15s.) to Duckworth's 100 Years Series. About two-thirds of the book is naturally occupied by steam railways, but room is found for chapters on trams, omnibuses, the bicycle, the motor-car, and railway electrification. A lucid account is also given of the legislation affecting railways and other forms of transport, including the correlation which has been attempted during the last three years.

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

Talks Censorship in the B.B.C.

The tone of injured innocence you use in defending the B.B.C.'s attitude over Mr. Ferrie's talk is surely rather childish. You are politely indignant that Mr. Ferrie broke his contract, and—by reason of your position, I suppose—seem quite unable to appreciate that the course Mr. Ferrie took was the only possible one if he was to make a really effective protest against the irritating way his manuscript had been treated. Merely to have refused to give the talk beforehand would have served no purpose except the B.B.C.'s; whereas the course which Mr. Ferrie chose instead, gave the B.B.C. the showing-up it deserved. In your editorial you seem more concerned with Mr. Ferrie's disrespectful treatment of his contract than with the B.B.C.'s treatment of Mr. Ferrie's manuscript. It is understandable that in the best B.B.C. circles Mr. Ferrie is considered no gentleman, and his action something emphatically not done, but outside those circles a good many people will commend both Mr. Ferrie's action and his spirit.

The really important point of the whole matter—which you ignore—is why Mr. Ferrie's MS. was censored. In the Supplement to the Fifth Anniversary Number of THE LISTENER of January 31 last, your readers, and particularly any American readers, were treated to a glowing account of the constitution, services, and programmes of the B.B.C. One felt it was all very praiseworthy and hoped it was all true (despite doubts about the past treatment of certain minority opinions). One still hopes that, on the whole, it is true; but this Ferrie incident arouses one's suspicions. In the section on censorship one reads, 'In symposia . . . of widely divergent points of view . . . censorship other than as a purely formal safeguard of good taste and as a means of better presentation, does not exist'. If that be so, and if the *News-Chronicle* report of Mr. Ferrie's intended talk be verbatim, one wonders where lay the breach of good taste in what he wanted to say. One is also curious as to why, by the same token, parts of Sir Herbert Austin's preceding talk were not cut out for their execrable taste. Doubtless what constitutes good taste is itself a matter of taste, but in this instance the B.B.C.'s taste unfortunately seems to have got itself entangled in political bias.

Mr. Michael Roberts has recently said that only two things stand between the people of Britain and a Press dictatorship, and one of them is the B.B.C. That is a compliment; it also implies a great responsibility. But if incidents like this of Mr. Ferrie, or of the hunger-marcher at Manchester, are repeated, it will not be surprising if there arises in people's minds more than a suspicion that the B.B.C. is developing a dictatorship all its own.

Wimbledon

DONALD THOMAS

[We have received other letters on this subject—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

Films and Broadcasting

In your issue of March 14, a correspondent re-emphasised that the cinema, as much as the Press and other manifestations of mass vulgarity, is an early influence upon children which more responsible education has to fight. He asks what is to be done. There are two policies immediately necessary: aggressive and defensive: (a) the commercial film itself must be challenged, together with the whole box-office ethos. This is being done, to some extent, by film societies and other organisations. It is a rather hopeless fight, but a worthy one; (b)—the main point I wish to make—the power of broadcasting, another tremendous formative of children's social outlook, must be defended against the same commercial forces as have captured the Press and the film.

These inventions have been nobbled by the competitive forces of Big Business, catering garbage, with compound efficiency, for the lowest common multiple in their audience. So far broadcasting in this country has remained independent of these forces. We may feel that the policy of a state broadcasting service has defects. But these defects are not yet those of vulgarity. At the moment Big Money is attacking the idea of a radio which is a public service, and trying to make radio another medium of commercial ballyhoo. The defence of a sense of dignity and re-

sponsibility in broadcasting (which need not mean emasculated compromise) is therefore the greatest immediate need in the counter-revolution against the influences of mass vulgarity. The commercial cinema must be attacked. But it is even more important, for the moment, to defend a non-commercial institution which does, whatever its deficiencies, stand for some measure of cultural independence. Both its cultural and its political independence are now being challenged. This challenge is the immediate issue.

London, W. 1

PENNETHORNE HUGHES

Typography and the Typewriter

The complaint made in your columns by Mr. Ll. Wyn Griffith about the shape of typewriter lettering is really for the engineer, not the letter-designer, to deal with. The reason for the poor design of typewriter faces is simply that all the characters have to be of equal width. There is probably no escape from this if the machine is to be kept small and handy. If the letters varied in width, the movement of the cylinder after the depression of each key would need a rather complicated mechanism, nor would the keyboard be so compact, since a single key could not work two characters unless they were of equal width. An alphabet of decent design would need at least, I should say, five letter widths.

Given that capital W and small i, for example, must occupy the same space, the design of the letters must be unsatisfactory. Such distorted letters would hardly gain by being given, as far as possible, the features of the alphabets designed or approved by Edward Johnston, Eric Gill, Bruce Rogers and Stanley Morison, as your correspondent, Mr. Griffith, suggests. I do not say that these gentlemen, if asked, could not design an improved face for the typewriter in its present form, though it is doubtful whether their improvements could be far-reaching, for the following reasons. Apart from distortion, the characteristics of standard typewriter letters are strokes of even widths and serifs. The rough-and-ready printing conditions call for letters without fine strokes, and but for their serifs, which your correspondent suggests shedding, the narrow characters such as i and l would stand perplexingly far away from the adjoining letters. Mr. Frank Gayton has recently designed a new face for the Imperial Typewriter, in which the individual letters have more graceful lines than those in use hitherto, but look to my eye less evenly spaced.

The following illustration shows by comparison with printing type how unnaturally typewriter letters have to be drawn to fit the standard letter-space, and how they rely on serifs.

William . . . Type designed by Eric Gill

William . . . Standard typewriter letters

William . . . Same without serifs

William . . . New Imperial typewriter letters
designed by Frank Gayton

The italics used on a few typewriters show up the mechanical limitations on spacing quite as badly as the more familiar upright letters. Personally, I find that typewriter letters compare quite favourably with type of similar size in point of clearness, probably because printers' letters have become very cramped sideways for economy's sake.

Birmingham

HARRY CARTER

German 'Back to the Land' Movement

Colonel Allen's speech, 'Back to the Land in Germany', which I enjoyed very much, is one more proof that the serious endeavour to understand the conditions in the New Germany is increasing. Would you, however, allow me to point to a small error? Colonel Allen supposes that all farms in Germany must be bequeathed to the youngest son according to the new Hereditary Laws. Here he is wrongly informed. The new laws stick to the habits in the different districts, and in the most parts of Germany the farm is inherited by the eldest son. In some parts, it is true, *e.g.*, in Thuringia, we still find the other habit, which led Colonel Allen to his generalisation. But nowhere has the new government broken with the old tradition, forcing in

new ones. Here, again, National Socialism shows its integrity; it is working on the lines of sound traditions, appreciating them as long as they do not interfere with vital necessities of the development.

I think the 'Blood and Soil Movement' is best characterised by the following paragraph of the new law (Erbhofgesetz):

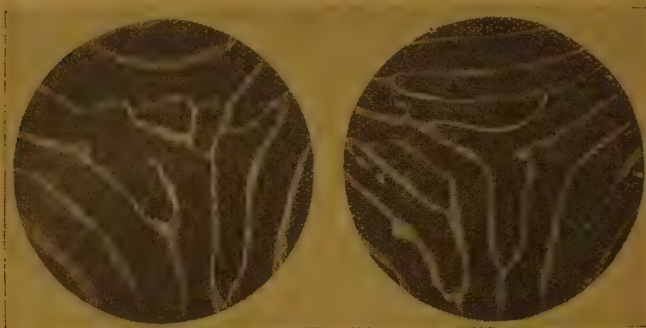
A sounder sharing out with regards to size (acreage) of the land in rural districts must be aimed at, since a large number of small or medium-sized self-supporting farms spread as uniformly as possible over the whole country, is the best assurance for the future wellbeing of the people and the State.

Durham

W. S.

Psychic Phenomena

Your reviewer produces two photographs which certainly seem to be identical. I submit herewith in reply two others, more highly magnified, which are obviously not identical.



Micro-photograph, showing differences of structure between the delta of the 'Walter' right thumb (left) and the delta of the Dr. 'X' right thumb (right)

From the Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research

We might go on thus for a long time. I am contending, however, not for the authenticity of the 'Walter' prints (unprovable in any case, as none were taken in his lifetime) but for the facts of abnormally produced prints at Mrs. Crandon's seances. Your reviewer's casual dismissal, in one uncivil sentence about 'back parlour miracles', of a long series of seances, at which all sorts of precautions, gags, hand and foot-control, etc., were employed, obviously implies what he is not frank enough to say outright, namely, that Mrs. Crandon is a fraud, and those who sit with her all dupes or conspirators. I can only reply that he had better argue that point with Dr. Tillyard, who sat alone with Mrs. Crandon at a doctor's house in London. Both had previously been searched, one by the doctor, the other by a nurse. They were alone with a piece of dental wax and some warm water. Yet there, too, as in America, a 'Walter' print was produced. If your reviewer wants to suggest that neither this seance, nor those in Boston, were fraud-proof, he must not try to get away with vague phrases about 'satisfying science', he must specify, in plain language, points in which the precautions were insufficient. Lastly, he says: 'If "Margery's" claims can be substantiated, she can revolutionise science in a night'. This is an amazingly incredible statement. What would happen is just the sort of thing that has been happening all along, as when, for instance, Crookes, Wallace, and Zollner, with careful precautions against fraud, obtained phenomena: of those who were actually present some would be convinced, and, being ready for conviction, would remain convinced. Others would gradually wriggle out of conviction and begin to explain away what they had seen, not because the precautions were insufficient or the proofs unsatisfactory, but because they were not ready to make such a revolution in their thinking as acceptance of the facts would involve. And as for outsiders, among those in contact with the witnesses there would be some conviction, some questioning, some indifference. 'Science', in the sense of the whole body of scientists, would not be revolutionised, but some more scientists would have been convinced.

Winchester

C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF

Fire-Walking

The first-hand accounts of the speakers dealing with the above topic last week might be well supplemented by one given by a writer in this month's *Chambers' Journal*, who not only saw, but was allowed to make the personal experiment of walking with bare feet along the heated trench. This he did with perfect ease and

no discomfort. His theory is that, the fuel having burned for several hours, there had been formed a tolerably thick coating of burnt out ash, itself the finest non-conductor. If you want to convey a live coal from one hearth to another you can do this with the otherwise naked hand provided you cover the palm with a layer of spent ash.

Southbourne

T. S. ROSS

The Sermon Sing-Song

Why is it considered necessary to preach a sermon in a voice quite different from that used in making an ordinary speech or in lecturing? In each case it is intended to hold and convey something to the listener. Yet most sermons one hears broadcast are delivered in such a funereal sing-song voice as completely to put one off and very soon lead to switching off. If preachers would only speak in an ordinary way I am sure they would be much more effective.

Fleet

H. L. CROSTHWAITE

Whither Britain?

The series of broadcast talks on the subject 'Whither Britain?' has been significant rather because of the versatile futility of what has been said than for the intrinsic value of any of the proposals made. There has been a woeful failure to recognise the fact that what listeners expected was an intelligent forecast based upon thoughtful appraisal of present tendencies, and especially statesmanlike proposals for the actual problems we are facing. No one wants to hear elaborate disgruntlings and postured self-adulations. How is British democracy going to meet the menaces which lie in Communist, Nazist and Fascist political philosophy? Does anyone really think it can hold its own, that men will be ready to fight and if need be to die in its defence, unless it can be so purified that it is no longer a sham in the presence of realities? If this series represents the sum of constructive statesmanship among us, our prospects are parlous indeed.

Highgate

F. TALBOT

Co-operative Societies and Multiple Stores

'Trader', in his comment upon Mr. Michael Roberts' broadcast, implies that Co-operative Societies cannot compare with multiple traders for value, style and display. He evidently does not read his trade journals, because they do not always suffer from the same superiority complex. Many display competitions have been won by Co-operative shop-windows. Does he confuse value with price? More enters into value than the mere price of an article. The first value considered by the Co-operative movement is decent wages and conditions for those who serve it.

Ipswich

GEOFFREY CARYLL

'The King's Tryall'

Two writers continue their attack upon the broadcast of 'The King's Tryall', but one is prepared now to admit that the actual trial was 'not strictly a trial at all', and the other, that it was 'quite unjust'. How strange to uphold Cromwell and yet allow that he 'quite deliberately' brought about an unjust trial, and a sentence of death upon his lawful King, adding that 'the job' was done with 'decency and order'. Europe certainly was 'impressed', but with the greatest horror of the infamous deed. Colonel John Cromwell hastened over from Holland to plead with his cousin for the life of the King, telling him 'of the heinousness of the fact then ready to be committed, and how detestable it resounded abroad' (Echard). Cromwell did not spend 'three years in doubt' for he had resolved at least two years before 'to bring the King to trial and cut off his head'. The earnest desire of the majority in the country and in Parliament was for the speedy restoration of the King. Cromwell and the few with him were only a small minority.

Although Dr. Hayward and Mr. Scholes appear to dislike original sources, describing extracts as 'gossip', and 'beside the point', yet Prynne shall describe how the 'minority' did 'the job'. Prynne was the man who, too late, learnt the value of the King, confessing with sorrowful regret his early attack on Charles and his Queen; he wrote on January 1, 1649:

I, and above two hundred members more, being forcibly secluded by the officers of the armies' unparalleled violence upon our persons. An armed, horrid, visible force [is] now consulting in the House, without your fellow members advice and concurrence, about the speedy disposing and executing of King Charles, your lawful Sovereign, onely to please the General Officers and Grand Council of the Army, who have

unjustly usurped to them the supreme authority both over King and Parliament.

Prynne then reminds those he is addressing of their Oath of Allegiance, which he quotes, and continues:

This Covenant you have all taken—will it not stare in your faces, your consciences—if you should proceed to depose the King, destroy his person and disinherit his posterity? Yeal bring ruin upon you and yours as the greatest Covenant breakers and most perjured creatures under heaven.

The time, long overdue, has come when the great injustice done to King Charles by writers is being recognised and at the same time the truth regarding Oliver Cromwell is also recognised. The broadcast, by the careful portrayal of *fact*, gave listeners a glimpse of the truth, and, so far as it went, partially uncovered a great historical juggling.

Maidstone

E. V. PATERSON

Modern Music

Granting that the task of providing daily entertainment pleasing to all classes is one that must call forth indulgence and admiration for all those engaged on programme arrangements, I am

nevertheless concerned about the ever increasing frequency of modern so-called 'music' radiated by the B.B.C. The B.B.C. is admittedly one of the greatest educators of the day; what is to be the effect of radiating to the masses stuff that nightmares are made of? I venture to ask (a) Is there even one per cent. of listeners who really enjoy such music? (b) Is its broadcasting calculated to foster the art of what is generally known as music, and does it lead us anywhere? (c) If not, why does the B.B.C. radiate that which helps to bastardise the ear of so many of us who are already only too backward in the art of music?

I believe that the community in general looks to the B.B.C. for knowledge, and the teaching of crazy music is a step in the wrong direction. It is just possible that the Programme Board has amongst its members super-highbrows who believe that this musical tripe has real and permanent programme value. I can understand Purcell and all those of the Romantic period who followed, but I should hate to live in the twenty-first century unless he and those other masters survived. But I am confident they will and that our modernist musical cranks will be consigned to their just place—the scrap-heap.

Putney

W. R. F. AVERY

Whither Britain?—XII

(Continued from page 510)

selected man in the whole world-area producing the selected crop in the selected spot, and putting it on the market here at the selected moment. You will see the bearing of this on the problem of spare time of which I spoke a moment ago. It looked as if all the spare time was going to be concentrated in this island so far as agriculture was concerned, and all the work outside. Well, the social organisation simply isn't ready for that. I do not think it ever will be ready for that, or that it ever should be. But it certainly was not. The immediate facts, at any rate, were not in dispute. The country was being evacuated. In the six years between 1926 and 1932 over one hundred thousand workers left the land.

It is no use to say that they left the land because of the system of land tenure, and that they would have remained if they had been put on smallholdings. Neither the smallholder nor anyone else in this country can compete, as I said, with the selected man marketing the selected product at the selected moment from out of the whole world. He cannot, that is to say, if he is to sell enough of what he produces to purchase in turn the ordinary amenities of life—clothes, boots, an occasional visit to the cinema, an occasional 'bus ride to the nearest town such as the other inhabitants of the land enjoy. He could no doubt subsist and ignore competition if he became entirely self-supporting—spun wool from his own sheep, tanned his own sandals from his own ox, and did without slates on his roof or glass in his windows. But such a scheme of life is neither possible nor desirable, and it is odd to find the process advocated by liberal thinkers and others who condemn the process most when applied to larger units such as nations.

Neither a smallholder nor a large holder could endure permanently on the landslide which the price levels represented within the last three or four years. The liberty to grow anything, and the liberty to buy everywhere, were clearly not working out satisfactorily in practice. The nation as a whole has now accepted, not unwillingly, a limitation upon its power to buy everything everywhere in the cheapest market, in return for a certain security that a reasonable number of the citizens will be able to remain on the land and there produce food, which the nation instinctively felt was a sound thing in itself, and furthermore was a means of avoiding the already intense unemployment in the towns to which these emigrants from the countryside would only have added. And if we are right in thinking that one of the biggest problems will be the problem of spare time, it is simply vital. Many of us will wish to spend some working time in the country, and we shall all desire to spend some spare time in the country—and not a country simply of playgrounds, but a country where people are doing things—real things. The real thing which people do in the country is to work with flocks and herds, and to cultivate the soil.

Organisation Means Voluntary Discipline

Now I am not pretending that this is an ideal economic programme. It involves control of imports from abroad, and organisation by the agriculturalists at home, and organisation, as has been said, means a surrender of a certain amount of one's liberty. How great that has been I do not require to tell

my fellow agriculturalists who may be listening, who know how difficult the tasks set them by the Milk Boards and the Pigs and Bacon Boards have been in recent months. I only say to the rest of the citizens that it has represented an almost unprecedented experiment in voluntary discipline. Whole sections of the community, scores of thousands strong, voted into effect the new law applying to them and only to them.

The procedure of the Marketing Acts demands that at every stage the producer should have explained to him the proposals which are being made and the sacrifices which are being demanded of him. It is a far more exacting procedure than the passage of a Bill through Parliament. A Marketing Scheme has first of all to be originated by the producers, then it has to be taken up by the responsible Minister; then it has to go to a Public Inquiry presided over by an impartial Chairman, where any member of the public may be heard, or any organisation, and all this hearing must be done in public. Then the Scheme goes to the Minister who brings it, with or without amendments, before Parliament. It has to have a vote in its favour in both Houses of Parliament, and then—and not till then—it goes back to the producers for a final vote. The producers have to vote on the scheme, and printed in the scheme have to be published the names of the men who will administer the scheme, and those affected have to pass it by a two-thirds majority reckoned both by producers and by quantity produced. If it passes that, it is the law of the land. Scheme after scheme in the last twelve months has been able to run the gauntlet of all these checks and balances and come at last into force. Does this not indicate how frightfully men feel the insecurity of economic conditions at the present day?

You may say that the consumers have not voted on these schemes but only the producers, and you may say further that the producers would not have voted for these schemes if they had not been offered a control of imports amounting to agricultural protection. The argument as to the necessary divergence of interest between consumers and producers is the more important, and if it holds good holds against all these schemes and plans.

Listen, Sieff and Blackett, till I tell you how it strikes me. It is a question of psychology and not of economics. This clear-cut division between consumers and producers is all wrong. There are not two races of men: one endowed with nothing but a set of jaws to consume, and the other with nothing but a pair of hands to produce. They are the same persons, now appearing in one aspect, now in another. There is the further argument that the consumer's is the essential aspect, since the object of all production is consumption. It is not entirely true when we are getting within sight of the Leisure State to say that the object of all production is consumption, unless you use the word consumption in a very diluted sense. A man does not breathe out and thereby produce carbonic acid gas because there is a use for carbonic acid gas, but because he has breathed in oxygen, and he has done this because he likes to breathe in oxygen and would die if he did not. And the urge to production is no less. A man produces because he likes to produce and because he would die if he

did not. That is the real problem and difficulty of the question of unemployment.

Economics is a Branch of Applied Psychology

Calculations on this subject which begin from economic bases begin wrong, and will end up wrong. It is not, for instance, an accurate calculation which says that we have wasted a thousand million pounds in supporting the unemployed with which we could have accomplished infinitely more in the way of useful work. This question has been looked into again and again, and it has always been found that there is no work that can be suggested which would not have cost three or four times that amount. It is the affront to the people concerned, to the unemployed, that is the serious thing. The psychological affront is in telling 437,000 of our people for over a year that there is nothing on earth that the nation wishes them to do, the affront in telling whole countryside, such as Durham, or South Wales, or Clydeside, that the nation can see no point in their being awake rather than asleep, strong and fit rather than half alive and in despair, active rather than idle. We have to consider psychology far more than economics, in the problems of today; and that, I should say, Blackett, is where I join issue with you, with you and your friends the physicists, and with you and your friends the mathematicians. Economics is not a branch of statistics; it is a branch of applied psychology. It is just at that point that government leaves off and leadership begins.

In government, straight government, no doubt it would be an advantage if all the world were run from one centre with one great set of files, with indexes and typewriters and telegraphs and dictaphones all clicketting away and settling every five years how all the world was to be ordered for five years to come. But we have waited too long for that dream to be born, and indeed it will never be born, never in our time, never for thousands of years to come. Furthermore, even as a dream, it is to the average man a dream lacking in beauty. In fact, it is a nightmare, and it becomes more and more an unnecessary nightmare. We have to organise our own communities, and look at our own back-doors for the solutions to our problems. The world is too vast and too diversified to get into the straitjacket of a single international plan. What is more, scientists every day make the units more self-contained instead of less self-contained, and make it not only less advisable but less possible for this country or for any country to obtain prosperity by putting all that it makes on wheels and running it off to the ends of the earth.

It is the march of science which is producing the phenomenon loosely called economic nationalism. It is folly to speak of the home development which this implies, as 'taking in one another's washing'. Taking in each other's washing is the process by which we all live on this planet. We do not import or export from the moon or to the fixed stars. The Western

countries will have to solve in the future far more of their own problems at home than they have done for the last hundred years. We delude ourselves if we say that we should recover if we could only open up the Russian market or the China market or the other markets which are so often dangled before our noses. To open up a new country nowadays is to open up not only a consuming but also a producing area, to open up not a sink but a waterspout, and a waterspout producing often the very commodities which we had hoped to supply. Home development will be inevitably one of the keystones of the age immediately before us. But it will have to be, not in order to grow rich, but in order to live fully and reasonably. Agriculture is the first industry which has grasped the necessity of economic self-discipline, economic self-government, if this change is to be secured. The nation as a whole is only beginning to grasp this necessity, but it is grasping it successfully. It will thereafter have to grapple with the still more exacting task of psychological self-discipline when it attempts to utilise the spare time, the leisure, which I think this further development will demand.

Leaders Cannot be Obtained by Hatred

Can these great changes be put through by the haphazard methods which we have seen in the past few generations? I think not. I think they will demand the understanding and agreement of all, and the close and unremitting direction of people who are trained both in the immense stores of knowledge, and the scientific method, of the new thought, and who can join to them the ordinary human touch, the touch of decency, the touch of idealism, the touch of comradeship, which, as I say, is where government leaves off and leadership begins. If you ask me how these men are to be obtained, I would say that the task and the opportunity will call them out. That, at least, has been our experience in agriculture. And I will tell you how they are not to be obtained. They are not to be obtained—not, at least, in our country—by mutual hatred. They are not to be obtained by sudden convulsions involving a break with all our tradition and all our continuity.

We are tackling the questions of today with no violent change of policy such as it would seem has been necessary in the United States. We have tackled them with no violent revolution, such as apparently was found necessary in Germany or in Russia. Yet I think we have got as far along the road as any of those three. The great problem in our changing times is whether we can keep the pace of adaptation quick enough to keep abreast of changing circumstances. We are only just beginning to see how great an effort this will demand. Yet we have the stuff to draw upon, both material and moral, as good as ever we have had before—better, far better than we deserve. The heart of the nation is still high; its courage and resource are unabated. What we did yesterday we can do again; and tomorrow is also a day.

What Shall I Read?

VI—Country Life

In his final talk in the series 'What Shall I Read?' Mr. W. E. Williams spoke about books which deal with country life. His main references were to *Farmer's Glory* by A. G. Street (Faber, 3s. 6d.), *The Wheelwright's Shop* by George Sturt—also known as 'George Bourne'—(Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.), and *A Small Boy in the 'Sixties*, also by George Sturt (Cambridge University Press, 3s. 6d.). Here is a short supplementary list of books on some of the aspects of country life:

Change in the Farm by T. Hennell (Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d.)—a well-informed account of the decay of the traditional methods of English farming; *The Aran Islands* (2 vols.) and *In Wicklow and West Kerry* by J. M. Synge (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d. each)—narratives of life in the remoter parts of Ireland thirty years ago by the famous dramatist who wrote 'The Playboy of the Western World'.

Afoot in England (Dent, 3s. 6d.), and *A Shepherd's Life* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), both by W. H. Hudson—two of the most delightful books which this great naturalist and traveller wrote.

The Song of the Plow by Maurice Hewlett (Heinemann, 3s. 6d.)—a chronicle in verse, but very readable verse, of English rural life since the Conquest. It is a remarkably interesting piece of work in every way.

Wild Life in a Southern County (Murray, 6s.) and *The Game-keeper at Home* (Collins, 2s.; Dent, 1s. 4d.), both by Richard Jefferies. Jefferies was one of the finest annalists of the English countryside, and these books are two of his best.

Hedge-Trimnings (Faber, 7s. 6d.) and *Country Days* (Faber, 6s.), both by A. G. Street—pleasant sketches of daily life in Wiltshire by the author of *Farmer's Glory*.

Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man by Siegfried Sassoon (Faber, 3s. 6d.)—a brilliant picture of one of the great traditional features of rural England.

The Farmer's Year by Clare Leighton (Collins, 10s. 6d.)—twelve fine woodcuts depicting 'the calendar of husbandry' (ploughing, cider-making, lambing and so on) with admirable accounts of all those processes.

Tarka the Otter by Henry Williamson (Putnam, 3s. 6d.)—this is the countryside from the naturalist's point of view; full of vivid descriptions of animal and woodland life.

Rural Rides by William Cobbett (2 vols., Dent, 2s. each)—a classic of keen observation and pungent comment; the condition of rural England—especially its social aspect—in the eighteenth century.

A Natural History of Selborne by Gilbert White (Dent, 2s.)—one of the most famous of all the English annals of a naturalist.

Books of the Week

Hitler Over Europe. By Ernst Henri. Dent. 5s.

Pirate Junk. By Clifford Johnson. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Ninety-two Days. By Evelyn Waugh. Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

The Diabolical. By Herbert McWilliams. Duckworth. 12s. 6d.

Reviewed by I. M. PARSONS

HITLER OVER EUROPE is a depressing, not to say a terrifying book. Briefly it represents the Ruhr, the vast mining and manufacturing area of the Franco-German frontier, as the key not only to the present regime in Germany, but also to Germany's foreign policy, and, indeed, to the future of Europe as a whole. In the Ruhr, Herr Henri points out, are the headquarters of the German heavy industries, the huge Coal and Steel Trusts, whose products must find a market if Germany's economic structure is to be maintained as it is at present constituted. In that necessity, and the men whose object it is to assert it, Herr Henri finds the explanation of Germany's present situation, her intense nationalism, militarism, and so forth. It is, I repeat, a very depressing book. At least, it depressed me. It also impressed me very much at the same time—not by its style, which is journalistic and tends to be rather rhetorical, but by the facts and figures which it contains. Facts and figures, of course, are easy things to play with, and the man in the street very often has to take them on trust. In this instance I have to take them entirely on trust. I have no means whatever of testing Herr Henri's statements about the aims, activities and investments of magnates like Thyssen or concerns like Krupp. But this book is published by a firm whose reputable name has never been associated with 'sensational' books, and Herr Henri's work has appeared in serious and authoritative weekly journals in this country.

Prince Hubert Loewenstein's *The Tragedy of a Nation* is a book of a very different sort. Prince Loewenstein is concerned less with facts and figures than with ideas and ideals. His interest is in history and politics rather than in mathematics and munitions, and he shows us the cultural, moral and spiritual forces at work in post-War Germany. But his sympathies, if not all his conclusions, are the same as Herr Henri's, and the two books complement one another interestingly in various ways.

And now for a big jump—from Germany to China—to the scene of the kidnapping of the four British mercantile marine officers by Chinese pirates last March. The scene is the mouth of the Liao river, where the coastal steamer *Nanchang* is waiting for a pilot to take her into port. Suddenly there's the sound of a shot, followed immediately by others. A Chinese sailor shoves his head in at the door of the saloon, and shouts breathlessly 'Pirates come! Pirates come!' Pandemonium and confusion everywhere, and before the officers can get to a fire-arm, four of them are held up at revolver point and uncere- moniously bundled overboard into the hold of a waiting junk. Not a very happy start to the morning of March 29. Nor did things improve much when the pirates had sailed away with their captives to the safe shelter of some inaccessible mud flats to the north-west. Imagine yourself cooped up in a small ship's hold, with no room to sit upright, and barely room to stretch out your legs, with water pouring on you through the deck whenever it rained, cockroaches by the hundred crawling all over you, a dead rat or two floating round in the bilge, and occasionally, just to make you feel snüg, a bloodthirsty-looking pirate jumping down to sit on your legs, pull your hair and nose, brandish a loaded revolver in your face, and explain by graphic signs that if a ransom of four million dollars is not forthcoming in a week, you will first have your ears cut off, and then be shot. Well, if you can succeed in imagining all that, you've got part of the way towards an idea of the existence which the unfortunate Mr. Johnson, Mr. Blue and Mr. Hargrave—the fourth captive had been sent to demand the ransom—led for five solid months of last year. Only I've forgotten to mention the food, or rather the lack of it, and other little annoyances such as dust storms, mosquitoes, lice, etc. Once they tried to escape, but got caught in the mud and were lucky to get back to the junks alive. After that they resigned themselves to their fate, and Johnson took to keeping the diary of which *Pirate Junk* is the outcome. And an extremely interesting book it makes. Of all literary forms the diary form is nearly always the best, I think, for the record of adventure, particularly

hazardous adventure. It puts no strain on the author's literary talents, it allows him to tell the story in his own way, without self-consciousness and without fuss. The result is nearly always something simple, precise, and graphic, and therefore exciting. All this is true of Mr. Johnson's diary, which has the added advantage of being written by a man with a keen sense of humour and a nice turn of irony. I enjoyed this book almost as much as I should have disliked being in a position to write it—which is saying a good deal.

And now for another jump—from China to British Guiana, which Mr. Evelyn Waugh visited last year. Quite *why* he chose British Guiana I am not very clear, but I gather it was for very much the same reasons that once induced me to go to Lapland—the desire to get away from civilisation, to go right away to an obscure part of the world, where there's no chance whatever of running into anybody you've ever met before. Mr. Waugh certainly chose very well, as you'll find out if you read the account of his trip which he gives in *Ninety-two Days*. Yet, after reading Mr. Waugh's descriptions of the food, the natives, and above all the insects (I refuse to call them the fauna), which he encountered on his various journeys across the Savannah, I confess I can see no reason why anyone should ever want to go there at all. But that doesn't make Mr. Waugh's book any the less interesting or entertaining—and just how entertaining Mr. Waugh can be, those of you who read *Decline and Fall* will not need to be told.

One more jump, and we are home. This time it's not in the hold of a junk, nor on foot across the Savanna that we are travelling, but in an old Ford lorry converted to a caravan and affectionately nicknamed *The Diabolical*. This is also the name of the book which tells the story of its trek across Europe, from Tel Duweir in Judea to London. The author is a young South African architect who was excavating in Palestine with an American party, when the wife of the director suggested that they should convert the Ford lorry and drive home across Europe. The plan was put into action, and here is the story of the result. They had trouble, of course. In Turkey the roads were so bad in places, and the mud so sticky, that they had to be pulled out of ruts by the kind assistance of peasants with bullocks; in the Balkans there were passport difficulties, and so forth. After that, their route lay through the Tyrol, the Black Forest, Switzerland, Paris, and so home. This is not a controversial book like the books on Germany—nor an exciting book like *Pirate Junk*. But it has its own appeal, the appeal of the straightforward unpretentious description of an unconventional journey through countries which, if less exotic, are at least a little more accessible than British Guiana.

In his talk on March 19 Mr. Parsons also dealt with Ernst Toller's *I Was a German* (Bodley Head, 5s.—not 7s. 6d. as broadcast), which was reviewed in our Book Supplement of March 7.

Scholars and others to whom the Loeb Classical Library has become a standard collection will be relieved to know that the death of Dr. Loeb last year has not interrupted the work of completing the Library, to which five volumes have just been added (Heinemann, 10s. 6d. each). There is a selection of St. Jerome's letters presenting a most interesting picture of life in Rome in his day and illustrating the rise and spread of monastic life in Italy and the East. The first volume is also issued of the history of Diodorus Siculus, which is of special importance to students of ancient history not so much because of its intrinsic merits as because it embodies the great mass of material collected from writers whose works have perished. Students of philosophy will also be pleased to have a translation of the works of Sextus Empiricus. He is the only Greek sceptic whose complete work has come down to us. The second volume of Arrian's history of the campaigns of Alexander, with which is included his work on India, contains material on which the researches of Sir Aurel Stein have thrown new light; while the fifth volume of Athenæus, which continues Professor Gulick's valuable edition of this author, is illustrated by a number of plates, which add considerably to the attractiveness of the book.

A History of Dancing

Eine Weltgeschichte des Tanzes. Von Curt Sachs. Dietrich Reimer, Berlin

IT SEEMS incredible that so important and attractive a subject as the history of dancing should never have been dealt with before; yet the fact becomes comprehensible when we remember how elusive the subject is, for lack of sufficiently definite records. The only information we have as to what dancing was in olden times is that provided by contemporary descriptions, designs, and sculptures—certainly not much to build upon, yet enough to show that, unlike music (which in modern times

panzees have been observed carrying out elaborate dances in moods of excitement or pure playfulness. These dances correspond to one basic type of human dancing: that which originates in motor impulses or emotional impulses pure and simple. The other basic type is dancing for a religious or magic purpose, and is, of course, exclusive to the human race. Both types are still to be observed in their elemental forms among the primitive races of today, whose customs correspond to those of the Stone Age.

The next step in the course followed by Professor Sachs is to mark the distinction between dancing that is in accordance with the natural impulses of the human body, and dancing that does violence to these—distorting and straining the body. According to most of the authorities he quotes, the most primitive races, and the least inclined to dance by nature, practise almost exclusively the latter—a remark which provides a justification for the principle which inspired Nijinsky's choreography for 'The Rite of Spring': gawky and constrained attitudes and movements intended to evoke the mentality of the men of the Stone Age. With regard to both these types, considered jointly or separately, a further distinction has to be made between dancing that is representative or descriptive, embodying images of happenings real or fictitious, and dancing that aims at nothing of the kind—that consists, as the modern æsthetic jargon puts it, of 'abstract' motions and attitudes.

Both the labyrinth dance and the wind dance belong to the former category; but, contrary to what most people would expect, the latter category comprises many orders of magic and medicine dances, of dances sacrificial, nuptial, and funeral, and even of war-dances. Of the imitative dances, a good number imitate animals, from the turtle (Andaman Islands, Samoa) and the seal (Terra di Fuego) to birds and butterflies. Few imitative dances do violence to the human body. Most of them have a definite purpose, incantatory or amatory.

This mapping out from the technical point of view is a necessary preliminary to the historical study proper, which starts from the Stone Age and its modern equivalents. The



1—'Bridge', from the Egyptian New Empire (18th dynasty, 1580-1350 B.C.). Fragment from the Egyptian Museum in Turin

became altogether different from what it appears to have been in the distant past), dancing has preserved, in several fundamental respects, a good proportion of sameness throughout the ages. Its position is far more similar to that of the fine arts than to that of the one art with which it is usually and naturally associated. We have every reason to doubt whether, were it possible for us to hear the Greek music of 2,500 years ago, it would mean very much to us; the designs and sculptures of the Stone Age and earliest succeeding periods not only have a positive artistic value for us, but are very similar to representative examples of today's art. And we feel sure that old Greek or Egyptian dancing, could we but see it as it was, would interest and delight us.

How did so many of the oldest things in dancing come to be handed down to our own time? We cannot always tell. A classical example is the 'labyrinth' or 'handkerchief' dance from Minoan Crete, of which we have representations on early Greek vases, in mediæval sculptures, in Renaissance engravings, and snapped by the camera in the present century. It has survived, just as the names of the old gods of Greece survive in the folk-tunes of modern Greek peasantry. Another, less known, but equally typical, is that 'Dance of the Wind', depicted on an Egyptian painting of the twelfth dynasty (1900 B.C.), and still danced in the nineteenth century, when Flaubert saw it and described it in a letter to his half-brother Louis Bouilhet, in terms that apply almost word for word to what the old painting shows.

Dancing on the hands, doing the 'bridge', and other similar acrobatic feats, which people unacquainted with the monuments of Egyptian art might think purely modern, have been practised time out of mind (see illustration 1); strange to say, so have the high kicks which are usually supposed to belong exclusively to the French 'Cancan' of the 'eighties (see illustration 2).

Nothing of this, however, actually helps to bridge the gap between primitive dancing and modern dancing. Professor Curt Sachs, in the splendid history of the art which he has just given us, notes these survivals and many others, but does not attempt to make capital out of them. On the other hand, the dance instinct being common to human beings and to a certain number of animals, he is able to hark even further back than to primitive man: wading-birds, rock-partridges, and chim-



2—Egyptian funeral dance of the Old Empire

evolution actually began, we are shown, from the moment when dancing became consciously ordered and spectacular—an unavoidable development on account of the religious or magic significance it acquired from the outset. The idea of individual contribution, of displaying unusual skill, virtuosity, endurance, imagination, and so on, usually creeps in at an early stage—so definitely that we find quite primitive people (in Melanesia, New Britain, the Caroline and Fiji Islands, for instance) granting the inventor of a new dance privileges that amount to full copyright: fees for inventing and teaching it, and exclusive right (transmissible to his heirs) to allow its performance.

We know that spectacular solo and ensemble dances took

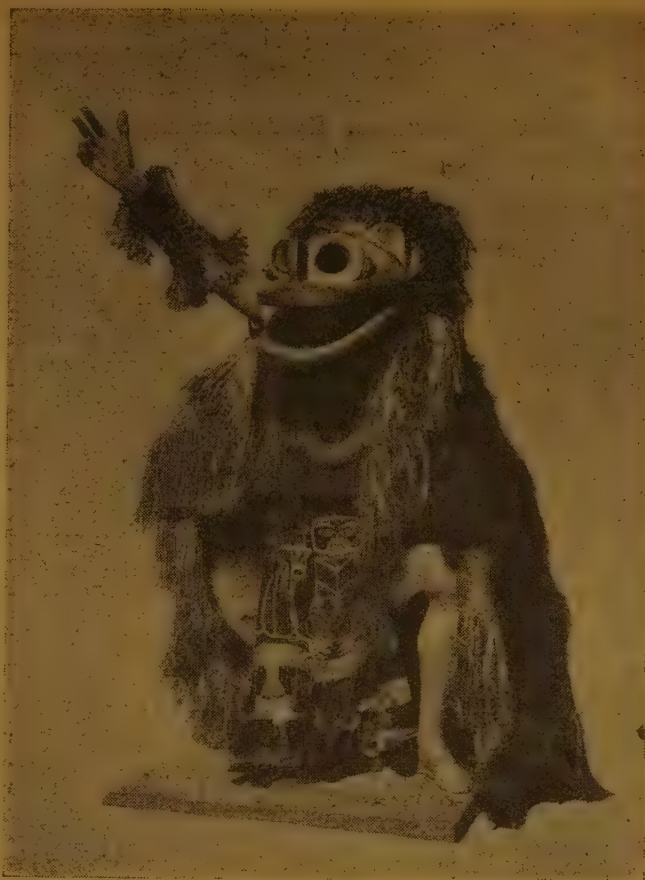
place in Egypt as early as 2400 B.C.; as regards primitive Greece, Homer's descriptions will be remembered by all, but dates are a matter of mere conjecture. No detailed information is available as to what took place in the Northern European countries before a comparatively recent period.

From the fifteenth century onwards, elements of a technical vocabulary of dancing appear in Italy, France, and Spain; and more or less accurate descriptions of 'composed' dances become available. Of these, the Morisca is one of the most famous, being not only the ancestor of Morris dancing but the prototype of the modern Ballet.

Our knowledge of the history of the Ballet proper begins with records of spectacles such as 'The Taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders', produced in 1377 at the Court of Charles V of France, and those of the Italian Renaissance. In the sixteenth century the number of art dances increases considerably. Important landmarks for the historian are Playford's *The English Dancing Master*; or, *Directions for Country Dances*, first published in 1650 (the country dance was to spread from England to all parts of the civilised world), and Noverre's *Lettres sur la danse et sur les ballets* (1760). The eighteenth edition of Playford's book (1728) describes about 900 kinds of country dances; Noverre's reforms played an all-important part in the further evolution of the Ballet, and exercised a far-reaching influence. His *Lettres* remain the classic *par excellence* for choreography students.

The history of dancing (as distinct from that of the Ballet, which is no part of Professor Sachs' plan) does not gain in interest as we approach the modern period. The Galliarde, Pavane, Saraband, and Minuet were replaced by the Waltz, Polka, Mazurka and Quadrille, and these in turn by more modern inventions, varied year after year, in accordance with changing tastes and commercial interests. However, the twentieth century 'rediscovered the human body', and physical culture, practised as it never had been since the days of old Greece, helps to develop a sense of new possibilities. 'Representative, expressing dancing is awakening from its two thousand years' sleep': such is the confident note on which Professor Sachs ends his splendid exposition.

M. D. CALVOCORESSI



3—Kwakiutl cannibal mask

Illustrations from 'Eine Weltgeschichte des Tanzes'

One of Many

A Wireless Discussion Group at Work

'RIGHTO, JOHN, switch over to National will you please?' John does so, and I arrange twelve chairs in a semi-circle facing the speaker. There are five minutes to spare but no one is in the library to hear a Spanish talk. John goes out to round up the dozen or so members of our wireless listening group. And in they come, three of them from the occupational room with sawdust on their clothes. Another has a partly repaired boot under his arm. Yes. You are right. Another little group formed in an unemployed centre, keen to learn from Professor John Hilton something about Industrial Britain. Ages vary—but no one under eighteen is there. We are all unemployed and defying that statement that we don't want to learn anything. Six weeks have now passed and we have come to regard our tutor with respect and affection.

In the club during the day one hears a remark good humorously passed to the effect: 'Oh, he's a Hilton fan—an' not the dance band kind either'.

We listened in patience at first. Suspicious minds were silent; industrial facts were glumly accepted. I think we all imagined a kind of bourgeois speaker was going to tell us all about the top layer of industry. Well, we made a mistake.

Bill of the extreme ilk is now the Professor's devotee. His encouraging words on trades unionism warmed our hearts. Where he probed into industrial concerns we were with him shoulder to shoulder. A feeling of intimacy has grown up between us. 'And now a special point for my friends in the listening groups': that expression alone is meant for us. We draw nearer. A quick glance round the circle draws a smile. The deadliest of dull statistics are banished in that warm approach. Contact! I am glad I wrote up and suggested an occasional reference to discussion groups would be a nice gesture on the part of wireless speakers!

The half-hour is quickly absorbed. A feverish last-minute note is made, then John jumps up to switch off. Before we get right into the body of our subject we answer the following questions: 'Was the reception good?' 'Could everyone hear?' 'Did he speak more slowly this time?' 'Anyone here who didn't understand every word?' Those settled, and the keen ones leap in. Ted couldn't quite follow a somewhat poetic description

of a steel mill—glowing ingots—ravenous jaws. We explain and forgive the Professor for this lapse. I think Ted got badly burnt in his youth . . .

Fred pointed out a clever bridging in the subject from last week's mental picture to this. There is a peevish look on two faces that weren't here last week. But Fred goes on, and says he cannot quite agree about there being less noise in industry. We are then treated to his description—rough as you like—of life in a cotton-mill. 'Good—thanks Fred—now what about you, Sid?' 'Well, Mr. Leader—I think the Professor's right. When I worked in the "shops" . . .'. So we go on. If I attempt to steer the discussion into more academic controversy I am pulled up. The discussion is brisk. They say as a good group leader I should make a rotten politician. The ball is kept rolling, anyway. Everyone is wooed into contributing to our pool of experience. Very gently the monopolists are quietened. No dead horses are flogged to death as I try skilfully to slide on to another point. A tribute is paid to the brilliant 'steps' we are slowly climbing to industrial enlightenment—'steps' that have been laid by our speaker. Although we are mere flotsam of modern industry, somehow no bitter comments are made. Not in this series anyway. The unemployment talks are another matter!

The discussion closes promptly after half an hour. But it continues in little groups outside in the main room of the club. What little seeds are sown must thrive somehow. After all, it is one hour of serious education for them in so many hours of idleness, boredom and apathy. In the woodwork shop, over a rough baby's cot maybe, Industrial Britain is continued. At the cobbling bench someone might remember there is hope for British industry. For the others not interested in occupational activities, the canteen tea might prove a stimulant to further discussion. I hope so.

The group was formed by the men themselves. Tired as they were of constant entertainment, they requested me to help them to form a serious group. We pulled together, and I leave it to the reader to decide what measure of success has been achieved.

R. W. ELDER

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The National Character. By Arthur Bryant Longmans. 5s.

THIS VOLUME is a reprint of the talks which Mr. Bryant recently gave over the wireless. We have had a good many views of the English character from foreign visitors of late years, and these have their own peculiar value, but they necessarily lack the solidity given by a detailed knowledge of our past history and literature. Mr. Bryant combines a scholar's information with a lightness of touch and an eye for illuminating detail not often found in the learned. The result is an historical panorama as well as a series of thought-provoking generalisations on our national character. The country gentleman, for example, is shown to us over several centuries, in the period of his ascendancy during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in his later decadence, when too much power and wealth had disintegrated his governing capacity and his mental energy. That the English squire once used his brains is the kind of fact most of us are unaware of, and it is the special value of Mr. Bryant's book that he makes us conscious of this and other neglected truths.

Mr. Bryant looks at England from the definite standpoint of a man who values above anything else its old pastoral and agricultural life, but who does not think it impossible to transform our present urban civilisation into 'a seemly and sociable affair', as he puts it. One of his most interesting generalisations deals with the growth of Methodism throughout the eighteenth century, which he attributes to the need felt by a nation which was being industrialised for the spiritual food once found in country life. 'Somehow', he writes, 'this religion, to which the Englishman turned for comfort and emotion became mysteriously intermixed with that other longing, inherent in his soul, for green pastures and the freer, easier pastoral life of his fathers'. This is perhaps true, but it does not explain why the English did not resist industrialisation more vigorously, even when every allowance is made for the temptations placed before them by the inventive genius of the race and its wealth in coal and other natural resources. There must be something in the Englishman which responds instinctively to the severity of the Old Testament and to the view of life as a task to be performed without any indulgence of the instinct for happiness. Mr. Bryant glances at this side of the English character, but he does not dwell on it. The text of his book is the quotation he gives from George Santayana—'Never since the heroic days of Greece has the world had such a sweet, just, boyish master. It will be a black day for the human race when scientific blackguards, conspirators, churls, and fanatics manage to supplant him'. There is a measure of truth in this tribute, but it needs a great deal of qualification. The Englishman is just within the limits of his insight into the feelings of other races, but that he is a sweet master is a view that would hardly be endorsed either in Ireland or in India. A few more shadows would have strengthened Mr. Bryant's picture.

The Crucifixion of Liberty. By A. Kerensky Barker. 15s.

Only a little while back, there was a constant torrent of new books about Russia, most of them wildly enthusiastic, and most of them fantastically unintelligent. But now, it seems, the pendulum is swinging the other way, so that in the last month or two we have had several works expressing opinions unconditionally derogatory to the Bolshevik regime. Most of these, too, have made very unconvincing reading, chiefly, one had suspected, because of a certain lack of historical understanding on the part of their authors. But one dare not lay such a charge at the door of M. Kerensky, a prominent political worker since his student days, never away from the scene of Russia's political activity (whereas Lenin, it will be remembered, spent many years in exile), Menshevik leader, and head of the Provisional Government—surely we must acknowledge that he is in full possession of the historical facts of twentieth-century Russia, and that his word must be to a large extent authoritative. And if we do acknowledge that, then some of us will be obliged to revise certain of our opinions, for M. Kerensky tells us many interesting and surprising things. He tells us, for example, of the tremendous progress towards economic modernism and national activity which was being made in pre-Revolutionary Russia, of how it had forged ahead under brilliant leadership, of

how 'each period of "five years" under Witte showed real attainments undreamed of by Stalin and Co. with all their five-year plans'. These attainments culminated in the 'marvellous five-year period of economic progress (1903-1913)', when the country was well on the road to what M. Kerensky understands by prosperity and liberty. For he says: 'Then again, was there any need at all for another revolution? Did not the year 1905 open before us every opportunity for normal and healthy development? Russia's "American rates" of economic progress after 1905 would alone seem to prove that peaceful evolutionary advance had become possible under a regime of political liberty'. Now, all this is very interesting, especially when M. Kerensky contrasts the freedom and progress of the old regime with the cynical oppression, violence, and destruction of the existing government. It does not seem to have been generally realised by foreigners that Tsarist Russia was so go-ahead, and was progressing along such fine, hopeful lines as this. Most historians seem rather inclined to skip that part, and to pass on to the more familiar aspects, also dealt with in full by M. Kerensky, such aspects as the melodramatic court intrigues, and the superstitious domination of the Royal Family by Rasputin.

The Tsardom fell largely as a result of the Tsarina's attempt to safeguard her son's heritage by securing a separate peace, and the revolution which followed went much further than the aristocrats had anticipated. Kerensky, as head of the Provisional Government, had set up 'the most free, the most democratic state in Europe'; but the exiled Lenin, it seems, entered into some foul intrigue with Ludendorff (it is not necessary to go into the details of the evidence which M. Kerensky produces to prove this) and, financed by Germany, this traitor, 'an unsurpassed, sadistically revengeful cynic', as M. Kerensky understandably calls him, came back to Russia via Germany, in the famous 'sealed train', so familiar to students of the history of the Russian Revolution, and proceeded to agitate for a bloody civil war. Apparently he was always impelled by the same maniacal idea, the transformation of the imperialist war into a war of classes, and neither M. Kerensky nor anyone else needs to point out how tactless it is to tell soldiers that they should cease to slaughter their fellow-men with whom they have no quarrel, and should return home to dispose of the local Staviskys and Kreugers who put them at the front. But it is a sad story, for Kerensky, the champion of freedom, was deposed, and 'the most democratic state, etc.', passed into the hands of a pack of Marxists, unable to cope with the situation because of a 'high barrier of text-book dogma, compiled in an entirely different period of history'. (Those of us who had thought that Marxism was a dialectical doctrine, and that Lenin was a competent dialectician, are here put in our places. M. Kerensky tells us that he, too, was a Marxist in the rash days of his youth, but he was 'repelled by its innate materialism', so he gave it up.) The Bolsheviks, then, at Lenin's instigation, destroyed the hopes and achievements of democracy. 'It was Liberty they crucified on the cross of civil war—Liberty, gained by the people of Russia at a terrible price, after a century of heroic struggle'. The book concludes with a passionate and moving appeal for the resurrection of Liberty.

'I never was a disciple of historical materialism', says M. Kerensky, 'I have always remained an idealist'. Like many other works by historical idealists, this book is curious, startling, and extraordinarily muddled.

The Jews in the Modern World

By Arthur Rupp. Macmillan. 15s.

For those who want to study the Jewish problems which have arisen in so many countries of the world, this book offers the most complete and authoritative factual survey yet published. Though it is the work of a Jew—Dr. Rupp is Lecturer in Jewish Sociology at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem—and is addressed primarily to the wide Jewish public in English-speaking countries, it is remarkable for its unprejudiced and objective presentation of the facts, and for the moderation of its conclusions. Mr. L. B. Namier, in his interesting introduction, points out certain similarities between the Englishman's instinct for colonisation (in dark continents) and the Jewish dispersion and settlement among the white race of the world; but emphasises the distinction between the world power which has taken shape, upon firm economic and political foundations, in the British Empire, and the uneasy half-assimilation into sepa-

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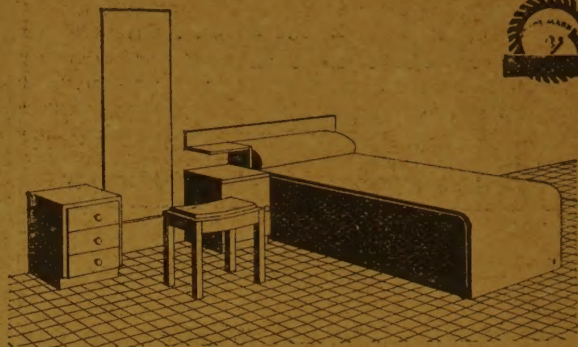
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rate national strains which has been the fate of the dispersed Jews. He explains also the fundamental uncongeniality between the Jew and the German which has caused such sad results in our own time. 'The German', he writes, 'is methodical, crude, constructive mainly in the mechanical sense, extremely submissive to authority, a rebel or a fighter only by order from above; he gladly remains all his life a tiny cog in a machine. The Jew, of Oriental or Mediterranean race, is creative, pliable, individualistic, restless and undisciplined; he would have formed a useful complement and corrective to the German. But the German could not digest him'. Dr. Ruppin's factual analysis should serve to dispel many false statements that are made about the Jews. There are nearly sixteen millions of Jews in the world, and omitting those parts (particularly the Far East) where there are no Jews, they form about 1.6 per cent. of the population. Four States: Russia, Poland, Rumania and the United States, have a Jewish population between them of over eleven millions, or 70 per cent. of world Jewry. The percentage of Jews in the towns is everywhere much higher than among the total population of the country. It is reckoned that in 1932, commerce occupied about 39 per cent., and industry about 36 per cent. of the world's Jews; while agriculture occupied only about 4 per cent. The aggregate income of world Jewry in 1929, has been put at 6,000 million dollars, over 60 per cent. of which belonged to American Jews; at the opposite end of the scale were the Polish Jews, with only one-ninth of the *per capita* income of American Jews. Important chapters of Dr. Ruppin's work contain surveys of Jewish enterprise and achievement in agriculture, commerce, industry, handicrafts, and the professions. He shows how the overcrowding of the professions and the difficulties which the Jews find in establishing themselves in some of them, lead to the growth of a Jewish 'intellectual proletariat', more especially in the large cities. The causes and phenomena of anti-Semitism are also examined by him. He points out that where the Jews are kept down either by law or by social anti-Semitism, they naturally tend to turn against a system responsible for these barriers, and so join opposition parties; and where the majority of them live in a state of poverty, they join the parties, Socialist or Communist, which aim at changing economic conditions. But where the political and economic conditions are favourable, Jews turn to Conservatism. Anti-Semitism and its causes are carefully and dispassionately discussed by Dr. Ruppin, as also the efforts, largely unsuccessful, made by Jews to counteract it. Speaking of what has happened in Germany, he writes: 'The full significance of this catastrophe affecting more than half-a-million people, most of whom for many generations had been closely connected with German culture and with the German economic system, cannot as yet be fully appraised. But it is obvious that a wound has been inflicted on the self-respect of the German Jews and their hopes for integral reception into the body politic of Germany which for many years will not close, not even should the present activities of the Nazi Government be discontinued or reversed'. In several striking chapters Dr. Ruppin traces the progress of the gradual assimilation of Jewry into the modern world, and the accompanying decay of Jewish ethnic unity. His book, which is certain to become a standard authority on the whole question, concludes with an examination of the Zionist movement and the problems of the Palestinian Settlement.

The American Experiment. By M. J. Bonn

Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.

The Roosevelt Revolution. By E. K. Lindley

Gollancz. 5s.

If there is anyone whose interest is not stirred by the current phase of American history, he ought to enquire into the state of his mind or regard himself as among the phenomena of social disintegration. Civilisation may well assume a new shape in the United States. It is no exaggeration to say that what is happening there is at least as important as what is happening in Germany or France. It is difficult for British people, conditioned to think of the United States as peopled by 'our trans-Atlantic cousins' and so somehow just ourselves in disguise, to get America in perspective. Obsessed by the 'blood is thicker than water' myth, we need disciplined thought to get our heads clear. As a means to clarification; Professor Bonn's book is admirably designed. *The American Experiment* opens with a description of the physical characteristics of the United States which reads not like a summary of the geography books, but like a topographical version of American literature. The reader sees little houses standing each in its quarter-section, the colonnaded 'gentleman's places' of the South, the green-shuttered dwellings of the

New English township, the wood-pulp town, destined after a brief life to pass away, Louisiana sugar-fields tended by French peasant-farmers, Hollywood, 'naïve democracy's commercialised dream of beauty', Spanish oases in the wildernesses of one-hundred-per-cent. Americanisation, urban areas standardised to New York fashion by masterful Babbitty... and over all this diversity a uniformity woven by Nature and coloured by man. The 'melting-pot' processes are described in a chapter on the American people, which shows the inhabitants of the United States as 'neither a colonial replica of the British nation as represented by its Nonconformist middle-classes, nor a simple mixture of European constituents, but as something new and diversified, whose ultimate development no one as yet can foresee'. There follows an excellent analysis of the American State, which gives a credible version of the behaviour of institutions and politicians, assesses the continuing strength of the revolutionary tradition and explains the impatient thrusting aside of legal obstacles when the radical propensities, normally slumbering, of American individualist democracy are bent on some new social purpose. Foreign politics and the economic system are surveyed with the same penetrating insight, and the essential nature of dominant forces and interests is displaced with a shrewd and persuasive judgment. A revealing chapter on 'the Puritan twilight' outlines the everyday conflict of the inherited habits of thought and the new patterns of behaviour resultant from the enlarged material equipment and changing social conditions which are the characteristic feature of America, as of other countries, today. The final chapter makes clear the fundamentals of the cleavages, social, economic and political, which may issue, as the search for ways of solution is pushed on, in the establishment of a new society bearing other features than those of the old world in Europe. Few wiser books are available for those who wish to know what underlies the sweep of events in the present phase of history in the United States. Mr. Lindley's book on *The Roosevelt Revolution* is of a different order. It is slick and efficient reporting. It gives the necessary personalia and the necessary day-to-day history of the exciting events of the Roosevelt adventure in controlled revolution. Mr. Lindley has the good journalist's flair for the dramatic phrase and the telling juxtaposition of positives and negatives. He takes a black-and-white view of persons and their policies and reactions. His book cannot claim Professor Bonn's depth or philosophic detachment, but it provides useful factual material and sane comment on it. The reader who has pondered over *The American Experiment* will know how to read *The Roosevelt Revolution* profitably.

Letters from the French and English Courts, 1853-

1859. By the Princesse de Chimay. Cape. 6s.

Princesse Marthe Bibesco, who 'presents' these letters of Princesse de Chimay, says: 'Letters die as flowers do, turning yellow. To publish them is to restore them to life; they recover form and colour, and their summer days start anew'. This restoration to life has been most evidently a labour of love. For the beautiful authoress who, 'born under Napoleon, was a bride, under Charles, a peeress in the Restoration, a young widow, under Louis Philippe', and later Princesse de Chimay, was a direct descendant of Napoleon, being his natural daughter by Madame de Pellapra. That, for Princesse Bibesco, is her greatest glory. She, still almost a child, married her cousin, and it was her aunt and mother-in-law (Valentine de Riquet, Comtesse de Caraman-Chimay, Princesse Bibesco) who bewitched her with her talk of Napoleon. The latter did not hide her origin, was even proud of it. 'I can still hear her replying to an importunate questioner who was prepared to be prudish, "Good gracious, madame! My grandmother was very beautiful, and the Emperor was a great traveller" . . . Her descent from the Emperor was direct, as a ray is straight, through her mother, the lovely Emilie de Pellapra, who later became Comtesse de Brigode, and then Princesse de Chimay'. The memoir that introduces the letters is written with extreme grace and vivacity, dominated as it is by the worship of 'this idol (Napoleon) who, from the recesses of his tomb, still galvanises every French heart'. The letters themselves will be read by many with interest for the pictures they give of Court life. There are two series. The first describes to her daughter life at Fontainebleau under Napoleon III, the second, to her son, life at Windsor and London under Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Some of the pictures are very vivid, such as the dreadfulness of hotel life in London: 'Hotel life is intolerable; if we must be ruined, it is better to be so in a less detestable way'; the food, 'vegetables cooked with water and sauces which should be used for pasting papers'; the end of a Court ball and the lighting of the palace, 'The Queen rose,

everybody rose. She took leave bowing to right and left, and right down the vast room her Court and the chamberlains with their wands preceded her backwards: it was very imposing. The room was lit by balls of sun under crystal, and all round were crystal windows lit by gaslight, which seemed to be sunlight behind them; and the English beds 'when, feeling badly fed, one has to rest in the inconceivable beds of England! Eugene described them when he remarked: "Mine has not been paved for a very long time"'. There is nothing very important in these letters. They were written by a mother to amuse her children, but the mother was a personage and wrote with exceptional charm. The greatest interest of all will be found in the setting which Princesse Bibesco has given them.

Poems and Fables of Robert Henryson. Edited by H. Harvey Wood. Oliver and Boyd. 12s. 6d.

As his latest editor suggests, Henryson is known to the general reader—if at all—simply for his 'Robene and Makyne' and 'Testament of Cresseid'. This handsome new single-volume edition of his poems, therefore, is no less welcome than timely. Indeed, the recent revival of Dunbar's claim to be the national poet of Scotland has left his work unduly neglected; and this on the score that his work is not so obviously local as Dunbar's, nor so apparently original. But if Dunbar is the more individual metrist of the two, Henryson is undoubtedly the finer poet. And it is as the greatest of the Scots *makars* that the present editor writes of him in the introduction to his poems: 'He is seldom, if ever, betrayed into mere virtuosity; but, on the other hand, he is, in the essentials of poetry, a more original artist than Dunbar or any other of the Chaucerians'. No poet, in fact, has paralleled Chaucer's manner so naturally. And this is not to say that Henryson is merely an imitator. He brings to the writing of his 'Morall Fabillis of Esope' a humour and insight which could not have failed to produce fine work if the Canterbury Tales had never been written: he has a slyness and ingenuity in narrative which can often meet them on their own ground. The best of his work, indeed, bears witness to a nature and talent rather in perfect sympathy with Chaucer than consciously derived from him. His apparently original fable of 'The Fox, the Wolf, and the Cadger' is probably the best thing of its kind ever done—Chaucer's tale of 'The Cock and the Fox' not excepted. Nor is there much to choose between that particular fable and the best of his others—such as the often attempted and never bettered tale of 'The Two Mice'. The art of his 'Fables', indeed, is throughout of the very highest. It can characterise so cunningly as to compel belief even in his animals. Certainly, it is an art which transforms Æsop.

As for the remainder of his work, it is perhaps unnecessary to stress the worth of the 'Testament of Cresseid', or to point out that his 'Robene and Makyne' is without its equal in Scots or English verse. Both deserve to be known rather by line than by mere name. Similarly, his 'Thre Deid Pollis', 'The Annunciation', 'The Abbey Walk', 'The Garmont of Gud Ladeis', and 'The Bludy Serk' prove him to be the master of at least five other contemporary forms. And if not so valuable as these, his 'bosteous' stanzas on 'Sum Practysis of Medecyne' at least anticipate work of the same order by Dunbar and Skelton.

He is easily the most considerable poet of his kind between Chaucer and Spenser; and it is difficult to understand why he has received such scant attention. As his present editor suggests, 'his originality is of that kind which places a poet in the main current of poetic tradition'. And in their attempt to procure him the attention his due, both editor and publishers are to be congratulated on their edition.

The Navy and the Next War. By Captain Bernard Acworth. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.

Captain Bernard Acworth's book embraces a wide survey of national defence, naval strategy and naval construction, present and future. Emphasis is laid on the potency of sea power and its necessity to a nation that draws three-quarters of its food from sea-borne supplies, but the book is marred by a heavy ground tone of denunciation and a strong bias against speed, mechanisation and some strange genus (or should it be genius?) of 'scientists'. Captain Acworth is no believer in the powers of the air, but his contention, entirely just, that the only defence against aircraft is counter-attack and that aerial warfare *per se* resolves itself into a mere reciprocal contest in ruthless terrorism, overlooks the consideration that aircraft can also constitute a powerful defence against invasion and coastal bombardments. Few will endorse unreservedly Captain Acworth's vigorous

beating of the air. Equally impossible is it to accept wholesale his ardent advocacy of coal as a substitute for oil in ships (page 289). However desirable it may be from one point of view, the verdict of efficiency lies with oil, and if the journey from the East Indies to Cardiff with oil is long, the journey from Cardiff to the East Indies with coal is just the same length. Between the lines of Captain Acworth's advocacy of coal and his denunciation of speed there appears dimly discernible the shadow of a magnificent hobby horse cavorting against the accessories and inventions of a mechanised age. One can sympathise with its caracolings.

On the subject of naval strategy, Captain Acworth has an illuminating remark: 'Geographical features delimitate the oceanic areas within which certain nations will be compelled to restrict their naval activities' (page 191)—in other words, the key to naval strategy lies in maritime geography; but these activities may also be restricted by lack of numbers, and Captain Acworth points out that out of the 50 cruisers allowed us by the London Treaty, after allocating 10 for refitting and 15 for the battle fleet, only 25 cruisers would be left for the defence of our trade routes, near and far.

Lord Fisher figures as a rather tiresome personage in the book, constantly cropping up in various aspects of malignancy as the arch-priest of 'materialism', and credited (or debited) with most of the shortcomings of our anti-submarine campaign. Here Captain Acworth in his denunciation of 'machines, devices and dodges' is betrayed into inaccuracy. 'Thousands' of trawlers could not have been deflected from fishing in order to tow 'fraudulent' hydrophones, for the sum total of all the trawlers in naval service can barely have reached 1,500, of which at least 85 per cent. were busy in the essential task of mine-sweeping. It may be doubted whether there ever were more than a couple of hundred trawlers working with hydrophones, which, so far from being 'fraudulent', in competent hands proved entirely competent to locate the proximity of a submarine. On the subject of blockade, Captain Acworth seems rather at sea, and seems to be referring to a blockade of the strictly juristical type, which submarines and aircraft have rendered more or less impracticable. The principal characteristic of the 'blockade' in the late war was that it was not a blockade.

The last portion of the book deals with type of vessels suggested. The battleship is to be a ship of 11,980 tons displacement, coal burning, with a speed of 17½ knots, a belt of 12 inches and an armament of six 13.5 inch—a respectable ship, but judging by ships of the past difficult to get on the prescribed tonnage. The book, written in a clear emphatic style, is stimulative to thought over a wide field of naval considerations, but is spoilt by a terrible note of denunciatory certainty and a singular perspective towards the past.

The Church Anthem Book. Edited by Sir Walford Davies and Dr. Henry Ley. Oxford. 5s.

In this volume of one hundred anthems the editors have exercised a wise discrimination. By their knowledge of church music and their complete understanding of the problems of the voluntary and small choir, they have produced a book which provides an admirable basic collection for any type of choir. Anthem books are not popular. They are generally heavy and clumsy and, withal, contain so much 'dead wood'. It is hardly conceivable that even this choice of anthems in their entirety will receive universal approval, and the volume suffers, therefore, the defect of all bound volumes. Size and weight, however, have been reduced to a minimum without any sacrifice of legibility. Assessed according to difficulty, the anthems may be regarded as 'easy' to 'moderately difficult'. In the easy class are anthems like Eccard's, 'When to the Temple Mary Went' and the beautiful 'Let Thy Merciful Ears', by Weelkes; anthems that are within the range of the small choir and yet which make the highest demands on the most experienced choir for their perfect rendering. The measure of the more difficult ones may be seen in two chosen from Brahms' Requiem: 'We Love the Place' (better known as 'How Lovely are Thy Dwellings') and 'Blessed are they that Mourn'. In passing, a protest should be made against the use of word renderings differing from those in common use, especially where their superiority is by no means obvious. Apart from this, and the inclusion of one or two 'old favourites' like 'Blessed be the God and Father' and Sterndale Bennett's 'Abide with Me', which are hardly in keeping with the remainder of the volume, the collection has been most wisely chosen.